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MUTUAL INSTRUCTION SOCIETIES.

In early life we had some little experience of juvenile debating clubs and mutual instruction societies; and that experience was, for a time, anything but favourable. We formed one of an association of youths, most of whom were schoolboys, whose flippant nonsense and pertness must have been very provocative of laughter to any person a little older than the oldest of the group; and when passing in years from the boy to the man, we again joined a club, whose chief orator was a babbling son of Crispin, ever ready to talk on anything or everything, no matter whether the subject was comprehended or not. When a little more knowledge and reflection came with one or two more years of existence, the impression left was, that these associations of youths, for the purpose of mutual improvement, were, on the whole, more pernicious than otherwise; generating a shallow self-conceit in the minds of the young persons composing them, and leading them to gabble away, with scarcely an idea in their heads, yet all the while resting quite satisfied that their shadowless words were full of meaning.

Impressed with this conviction, we resisted the importunities of a companion to form one of an association of young men, whose ages were about from eighteen to twenty-four, and who held their meetings in a school-room, not far from where we lived. They met twice a week; on Wednesday evenings for mutual improvement in general knowledge, and on Sunday mornings, early, for moral improvement. The idea which we entertained respecting this association was, that its members might be very well-meaning young men, whose tediousness, though cheerfully borne by one another, could not be very entertaining to a stranger; and we recollect loudly condemning the Sunday-morning meetings, as calculated to weaken the impression of the services at their respective places of worship, and therefore so far prejudicial. But hearing much about one individual, whom we set down as the "crack" man of the club, we consented to go on a following Sunday morning, to hear him, in his turn, deliver an essay.

The morning was a beautiful summer morning; and the delightful stillness had a quiet influence on the mind, rendering it averse to all criticism and all sarcasm, and disposing it to receive favourably whatever might be spoken. The young men were nearly assembled, (the hour of meeting was half-past six,) and in a few minutes one of them, who acted as chairman, rose, and began the proceedings by repeating in a low solemn tone the Lord's Prayer. On looking around, when the Amen was uttered, there appeared a serious kind of impression on every countenance; the look and air of all the young men showed that they had assembled for a grave and important purpose, and that they were in earnest. Presently the essayist rose, and placing a few leaves of manuscript in a copy of the Testament, proceeded to inform his audience that he had taken for a text—"Young men exhort to be sober-minded." Now, we thought, now for a bad sermon—a poor parody of what might be far better left to those whose duty it was to minister in the course of the day. The speaker began by

intimating that all the members of the club were intimately acquainted with one another, and each could answer for all that they were not addicted to any vicious practices; that they were all outwardly strictly moral in their conduct, and anxious to follow the truth. Having thus "opened his case," he descended into the recesses of the youthful heart; spoke of its dreams, its wishes, its hopes, and its ambition; and at the close of an ably-written essay, appealed with great fervour, and even eloquence, to his companions, urging them to countenance one another in maintaining a high moral standard, not merely in conduct, but in thought and feeling. We have never forgotten the impression left by the reading of that essay. The speaker's voice was rather harsh and dissonant at first, but it gradually became soft and mellifluous, and as every word seemed literally spoken from the heart to the heart, they fell like "the dew upon the tender grass." Circumstances prevented us from becoming a member of this little association; but we afterwards discovered that this young man, who was almost idolised by his companions, acquired his influence over them by the simplicity of his character, the extent of his knowledge, and the enthusiastic and moral honesty which he carried into all that he did.

The club was broken up, and the young essayist went to the United States to join some relations; and there, as we understood, he died. Some ten years afterwards, we met, in a town remote from the locality of the club, an individual who had been one of its members, but who is now a married man, with his children round his fireside. In talking over "old times," he reverted, with extraordinary animation, to his "club;" spoke, with a feeling amounting almost to reverence of this youth, and of the influence of his character; and pointing to his little boy, he exclaimed, "When that child grows up, I will induce him to become a member of a 'Mutual Instruction Society;' for I feel that the good results of the one I belonged to will follow me through life!"

In fact, nobody who knows anything of these associations can doubt their general beneficial influence. To an ingenuous youth, thirsting for information, and eager for society, nothing can be more attractive than to meet with a few companions "like-minded," who are willing to combine together, to stimulate each other's exertions, and to add to each other's knowledge. Their efforts may be sometimes misdirected; their discussions may be sometimes ludicrously grave; to an elder mind, they may sometimes seem like pigmies, endeavouring to take up subjects which would try the strength of giants: still, their exertions are their own, and, unless the association is very badly managed, much good must result from it. It is essential, however, to the success of such an association, that there be amongst its members one or two rather superior to the rest, able to guide the proceedings, and give them a tone. By superior we certainly do not mean one who conceits himself to be so; for though a conceited person may be clever, able to compose a smart essay, or to talk with great volubility, he will be found, in the long-run, to be but a shallow person, after all. We mean by superior, one whose enthusiasm,

energy, and moral purpose, though they may run in a narrow channel, at least run somewhat deep; one who attracts his companions by a quiet zeal, an unpretending and honest disposition, and a hearty acquiescence in the objects of the association of which he is a member. But, though superior, we would not, in general, like to see any member of a Mutual Instruction Society too superior. The young man of whom we have spoken was an exceedingly unassuming person, yet some of the humbler members of his society were rather deterred from exerting themselves, from a fear of the contrast in the minds of their companions.

When our attention was first called to the subject of "Mutual Instruction Societies," by a correspondent, we had some idea of being able to collect a quantity of materials for giving a view of the number and proceedings of these associations throughout Great Britain. On reconsideration, we do not think that this will be easily attainable, nor perhaps very desirable; and we will therefore give a few extracts from some of the communications we have already received. Our object in doing so is to convey information of the manner in which different societies conduct their proceedings, not without a hope that it may stimulate some young men to follow their example.

We have only received three communications from members of Mutual Instruction Societies in London. One of these is the Great Tower-street Society, of which Mr. Timothy Claxton is a member, whose interesting "Hints to Mechanics" we noticed in No. XI. of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL, and also extracted his list of associations throughout England. This Great Tower-street Society has been in existence four years, and is stated to be now in a very flourishing condition. "The object of this society is to promote the moral and intellectual improvement of its members, by means of essays, lectures, discussions, and conversations on all subjects. The subscription of 1s. per quarter constitutes a member (subject to the approval of a majority of the members at any meeting-night), and entitles the member to the use of a library consisting of 500 volumes; in addition to which, there are classes formed for the study of the following subjects:—Botany, discussion, Latin, mechanics and mathematics, arithmetic, and grammar."

Another correspondent, who dates from the Dover-road, states that the objects of his society are—"First, the cultivation of the mind, and the acquirement and communication of useful knowledge. The benefits arising from this must be so apparent as not to need any further remarks upon the subject. Second, to keep us from the dangers to which we are exposed. We seek to amuse as well as instruct each other, and thus to give us a relish for high intellectual and moral pleasures, in the place of those which are low and grovelling; and, third, to bring out the talent and genius which a youth possesses. Our aim, in short, is, by blending these three objects together, to constitute us useful members of society, to be useful to those around us, and thus assist us in fulfilling the moral duties which are imposed upon us."

A third correspondent, from Islington, says, "Feeling considerable interest in the establishment of all 'Mutual Instruction Societies' which may be conducted upon right and judicious principles, and being myself member of a 'Literary and Scientific Institution,' in which there is a 'discussion class,' I feel inclined to offer my humble aid to your correspondent 'Socius,' whose letter appeared in the 53d Number of the 'London Saturday Journal,' humbly hoping that it may prove of some little use to him and his associates in the formation of their new society."

"The discussion class referred to consists of a secretary and an unlimited number of members, having for its object the discussion of 'historical and philological' subjects. Its meetings are held weekly, at the hour of eight o'clock (unfortunately it is often half-past before business commences), when a chairman is duly elected, who generally commences the business of the evening by saying, 'Ladies * and gentlemen, our secretary will now read the

minutes of the last meeting.' (It may be as well to state that the secretary enters the name of each speaker, as well as any other proceedings which may take place, in a book kept for the purpose.) The minutes having been read, the chairman then puts it to the meeting, 'whether or not the minutes which have just been read are correct?' When they are confirmed, that being the usual conclusion, the question for discussion is then read, with the intimation, that when the 'opener' has concluded, any gentleman may speak upon the question.

"The 'opener' is allowed to speak as long as he pleases; any other speaker may only continue his 'speech' for twenty minutes. No speaker is allowed to speak twice (besides the 'opener'), unless it be in explanation. The debate may be prolonged till ten minutes past ten o'clock, at which time the 'opener' must be called upon for his reply, unless some other member move its adjournment; which no one can do without undertaking to open it upon the next night of meeting. Should the adjournment be 'carried,' the discussion may continue till half-past ten; but if the contrary be the case, the 'opener' replies, and *pro* or *con*. is then put from the chair, and the meeting decides accordingly. The 'general meeting' occurs half-yearly, at which time the secretary is chosen, and questions proposed for the ensuing half-year. (The proposer of a question is bound to open it.) Should any individual desire to make an 'amendment' upon any existing law, or wish to introduce a new one, he must give one week's notice of his intention previous to this meeting, which is the only time at which it may be considered.

"I feel particularly pleased at your correspondent's desire to exclude everything personal from the debating society of which he intends being a member; and I can assure him, from personal observation, that if a competent and well-qualified chairman preside at meetings for discussion, he will not fail to discern the proper time for making use of his authority, and check every such feeling at the outset. If discussion classes be properly conducted, and provided with good laws, they may be made eminently useful to all parties taking an active part in them. But as all power is injurious when abused, they are often attended with evil. I have known 'debating societies,' consisting principally of young men, holding their meetings in a room forming part of a public-house, which, of course, has a very bad tendency."

Proceeding to the provinces, we take up the following account, dated from GLASGOW, "of a Mutual Instruction Society which existed in our village [he does not give us the name of the village], and of which I was a member.

"The Society was composed of individuals between the ages of fourteen and thirty-five, and was called 'The Youth's Society for Moral, Religious, and Intellectual Improvement.' Any well-disposed young man of a proper age was admitted a member on application. The society met every Thursday evening and Sunday morning. On Thursday evening, a paper was read or an address delivered, by a member of the society, on some scientific or literary topic; after which, conversational remarks were made upon the subject handled by the essayist. On Sunday morning, the essay and the conversation were confined to religious subjects, and a chapter of the Bible was usually read; every meeting was opened with prayer. Each member of the society was expected to take his turn at the essay; only, in its place, he might read a passage from some good author. The conversational remarks went round the room, beginning on the right hand of the chairman, and ending on the left, in order that all might be prepared to take a part in it. The subject to be discussed next day was announced at the previous meeting by him whose turn it was to deliver an essay.

"Among the subjects discussed were—the moral improvement of man, the improvement of time, astronomy, emigration, benevolence of the Deity, mechanical powers, effects of the invention of printing on the moral and physical condition of the human family, &c. &c. &c."

"All subjects of a controversial or political nature were carefully excluded. Occasionally, lectures or sermons were delivered by distinguished ministers or literary gentlemen of the neighbourhood, at the instance of the society."

"I may add, that the society has been of use in producing a high state of moral and intellectual culture among its members, most of whom are now respectable members of society."

From Glasgow we proceed to PAISLEY. "The society," says our Paisley correspondent, "with which I am connected is limited

* Each member may introduce a lady or gentleman.

to sixteen members; it meets on a stated evening every alternate week, when a lecture or essay is read by one of the members in rotation. The composition, pronunciation, manner of reading, &c. of the lecturer or essayist are criticised; and then the subject of the essay is debated.

"On looking over our minute-book, I find that in the short time that the society has existed, the following subjects have been brought forward:—

"LECTURES—On the Improvement of the Mind. The British Constitution. Beneficial Results of the Extension of Machinery. The Steam Engine. Geography (outline). On the Causes of Steam-boiler Explosions, and Means of Prevention. The Manufacture of Paper. Phenology. Astronomy (outline). Mechanical Properties of Water.

"ESSAYS—Ought the Study of the Classics to form part of the Education of Youth? Ought the Corn-laws to be abolished? Should Christianity be supported and propagated by the voluntary Contributions of its Professors, or by State Endowment? On Combinations. The Character of Napoleon. Are the Canadians justified in asserting their Independence? Has the Civil Magistrate, in his official capacity, anything to do with Religion? The Principles of the People's Charter. Why has the Comfort of the Working Classes not kept pace with the Progress of Machinery?

"The members of the Society are all engaged in some occupation or other—either as shopmen, clerks, or mechanics; and, to say the least of it, these topics were handled in a very respectable manner, considering that we are all but half-educated (if so much), and some of us in a great measure self-educated.

"Thus I have laid before you the manner in which we proceed; and from the list of subjects which I have given, you will easily guess that our object is *mutual instruction*. Besides those subjects I have noted above, we had a few humorous ones occasionally, most of which were what we call *spontaneous* or *voluntary*; that is, such as are brought forward *out of turn*, to fill up a night, or supply the place of an absent member or defaulter; but we chiefly confine ourselves to those matters from which information of present utility can be derived; and as we consist of persons who hold all shades of civil and ecclesiastical politics, we prefer subjects for debating that will naturally divide the members, and cause them *heartily* to take sides. The subjects of both lectures and essays are chosen by the persons who write them, but must be approved of by the society. Matters strictly *religious* are excluded.

"The benefits we have derived from the society are numerous; I shall only notice these—a healthful stimulant to the mental faculties; a necessity for reading and thinking (which is not unnecessary, I can assure you, to those who are twelve or thirteen hours in the traces daily); a readiness in expressing our thoughts on paper; and considerable fluency of speech, with confidence to stand up and utter our opinions before others.

"There are several such associations in town, all of which meet quarterly in a *united* capacity, for the purpose of hearing lectures or for debating. Of course, the best of our members are put forward at these meetings; so that, whatever talent exists in any one society, all the others get the benefit of it."

As some of the topics included in the list given by our Paisley correspondent might be objected to by others, we here introduce the letter of a LIVERPOOL correspondent, who, he tells us, has been connected with Mutual Instruction Societies and debating clubs for several years; and therefore his experience is worth something.

"In the first place," he says, "very few of them last long, because young men in general cannot endure the literary labour they impose, and consequently they rarely continue long enough to produce those beneficial results which might be expected from them. The regulations which I consider the most suitable are these:—

"Let every person, on becoming a member, pay a half-yearly subscription at least: this will preserve the society from the pecuniary embarrassments resulting from that indifference which prompts many members to withdraw after a short time. Let every member pledge himself to open a debate, the time for so doing being determined by an alphabetical list of the members, and let him at some fixed time previous to the debate propose a question in which he will take the affirmative side; his opponent, on the negative, being chosen at the same time from among those members who may be willing to speak on the negative. As fines for

non-attendance have never, in my experience, accomplished their object, I do not advocate them.

"Regarding questions to be discussed, I would exclude religion and politics. Let the questions be such as have reference to the happiness of mankind—that show the effect of manners and customs on society—that point out the causes and means of civilisation, such as the following:—Did the Crusades produce any beneficial effects on society? Has hope or fear the greater influence on the human mind? Was Rome, at the height of her power, greater than England at the present day? Whether did Greece or Rome do more for civilisation? Has war generally promoted civilisation? Has man or woman the greater influence on society?

"Such questions as the following—Was Cæsar or Napoleon the greater character? ought to be introduced as seldom as possible, as they generally produce a great deal of party spirit, and very little useful knowledge."

The foregoing has been written by one whose experience has been, on the whole, somewhat discouraging. It may therefore be a little enlivening to turn to a letter from OSWESTRY, Shropshire; the writer expressing himself with all the buoyancy of hope and pleasure:—

"Our society is designated the 'Young Men's Improvement Society,' and already numbers 150 members, though it has scarcely been twelve months in active operation. It was formed principally for the intellectual and moral improvement of the shopmen and apprentices, who, in consequence of the earlier closing of the shops than formerly, it was feared would be led into mischief and vice. That class of individuals did not, however, avail themselves of the privileges thus offered to them; and the society now consists, with but few exceptions, of mechanics, who evince, by their regular attendance at the various meetings, their anxiety to improve and cultivate their minds.

"Our plans will best be known by an account of the routine of a week's proceedings:—Monday, discussion; Tuesday, lecture; Wednesday, reading; Thursday, classes for geography; Friday, classes for writing and arithmetic.

"But to enter more minutely into the description, the discussions are always on subjects of an interesting and useful character, and are generally conducted with great spirit. The principal subjects which have been discussed are—the Character of Queen Elizabeth; American War; Whether Britain has been a greater Blessing or Curse to the World, irrespective of Christianity; Whether we are most indebted to our Army or Navy for our present Greatness as a Nation; Whether Wealth or Knowledge gives the most Power to Man; the Characters of Charles I. and Cromwell, &c. &c.

"The object we had in view in commencing the discussions, was to excite the interest and attention of those who could not be allured into the flowery paths of knowledge by means of lectures and other tamer modes of instruction; and we have succeeded far beyond our most sanguine expectations. Numbers have joined our ranks in consequence of the interesting character of the discussions; and instead of spending their time in the taverns and other haunts of dissipation, as they had formerly done, they are now storing their minds with a knowledge of history, and preparing for the discussion, to which they come, and deliver their thoughts in such a manner as surprises all acquainted with their previous characters and dispositions. Not the least benefit resulting from the discussions is the great amount of oratorical talent elicited from some of the members; indeed, one of the most respectable and intelligent gentlemen of the town has asserted that the speeches of some of the members would not disgrace any of our first public orators.

"The lectures are delivered by various gentlemen, strangers as well as residents in the town, who have offered their valuable services gratuitously, and the subjects—connected with science and literature—have been such as to excite considerable attention among young persons generally, as well as the members. The lectures are open to all who can procure tickets, which can be had gratuitously of any member; they are well attended.

"We have a small library, which we hope soon to increase. In connexion with it, we take in the 'London Saturday Journal,' 'Chambers,' and the 'Penny;' all of which, but especially the first, prove a source of great attraction to the reading part of our society, a class which I am happy to say is daily increasing.

"Respecting the various classes I need enter into no particu-

lars; their object is fully explained by their name, and their utility cannot for a moment be questioned.

"There is one important feature in our society which may be mentioned, as I think it is rather peculiar—that is, no member is compelled to subscribe; it is left entirely to his own free-will. By this means, many enjoy the benefits of the society who otherwise would have been debarred them, as being too poor to subscribe; but to the credit of the members it may be stated, that all who *can*, do subscribe according to their ability."

The last communication for which we have room at present is one from Huddersfield. From the printed rules of this society we extract the following:—

"This society shall be called 'The Society for Intellectual Improvement,' its object being the mental cultivation of its members, by engaging respectable and competent teachers to instruct them in the useful arts and sciences.

"No person shall be a member of this society, who is not of good moral character, and who does not acknowledge the divine authenticity of the Scriptures.

"All works on controversial theology and party politics, together with novels and romances, shall be excluded."

The following account of this society has been given by the correspondent to whom we are indebted for a copy of the rules:—

"It has been in existence about seven years; its object is the 'mental improvement of its members.' But though this is its direct aim, it has in many instances been instrumental in improving the moral character of its members, and raising them in society. Lectures are delivered gratuitously every alternate week, chiefly by our talented president and townsman, W. Dearden; they are upon a variety of subjects—such as grammar, logic, rhetoric, poetry, elocution, astronomy, geography, moral philosophy, &c. &c. Classes are formed on geometry, grammar, elocution, mathematics, and other subjects, all tending to mental improvement. The subjects for discussion are various.

"In the classics, a considerable proficiency has been attained by a great number of individuals. The lectures and discussions stimulate the members to active research and exertion. The society, since its establishment, has been productive of much good. At the last meeting, a fresh plan was suggested, with an intention of bringing into practical application the knowledge of the members. A number of gentlemen voluntarily subscribed their names to a paper, engaging to write essays on subjects most suitable to the abilities of each writer; the first writer to be allotted for. The paper to be read publicly before the members; after which, its merits, as respects correctness of language, eloquence of diction, and propriety of thought, will be criticised and discussed. This method, I think, will be useful."

Here we conclude, for the present: but we have somewhat to say, in the way of warning and advice, which we reserve to another opportunity.

ANAGRAMS.

AN anagram is the dissolution of any word or sentence into letters as its elements, and then making some other word or sentence from it, applicable to persons or things named in such original word or sentence. There are words of this description, both of ancient and modern application, which exhibit coincidences that are truly astonishing, and almost incredible, until proved by examination, at the same time affording a very peculiar fund of amusement. The following is a selection of some of the best transpositions:—

Astronomers	•	•	Moon-Starrers.
Democratical	•	•	Comical Trade.
Encyclopedia	•	•	A nice Cold Pye.
Gallantries	•	•	All great Sins.
Lawyers	•	•	Sly Ware.
Misanthropes	•	•	Spare him not.
Monarch	•	•	March on.
Old England	•	•	Golden Land.
Presbyterian	•	•	Best in Prayer.
Punishment	•	•	Nine Thumps.
Penitentiary	•	•	Nay I repent it.
Radical Reform	•	•	Rare mad Frolic.
Revolution	•	•	To love Ruin.
Telegraphs	•	•	Great Helps.

In the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, there is engraved on a stone the anagram of Robert Dalglish and Jean Douglas:—

"God's great, and he is all our bliss."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

JOHN D. GODMAN.

JOHN D. GODMAN, an American naturalist of deserved reputation, was born at Annapolis, in the state of Maryland, on the 20th day of December, 1794. In early infancy he was deprived by death of both his parents; and when scarcely two years old was left to the care of an aunt then residing at Wilmington, in the state of Delaware. His father, when he died, possessed but little property, and of that little young Godman was soon after fraudulently deprived. To his aunt he was, in consequence, solely indebted for nurture and education, at a period of life when he stood most in need of the fostering care and watchful guardianship of a mother's and a father's love. His aunt appears, however, to have faithfully supplied, as far as was within her power, the loss he had sustained by the death of his parents. She is represented as "a lady who, from the superiority of her intellect and education, as well as the sweetness of her disposition and her elevated piety, was eminently qualified to unfold, impress, and direct the youthful mind." Under such culture young Godman received the first rudiments of his education, and his earliest moral impressions. During his last illness he was often heard to speak in raptures of his aunt, and say, "If I have ever been led to do any good, it has been through the influence of her example, instruction, and prayers."

When he had attained his fourth year, his aunt removed from Delaware to Chester-town, upon the eastern shore of Maryland, and here the little orphan was first placed at school.

He had already become the idol of the family; but he now manifested such a precocity of intellect, such a fondness for books, so great an aptitude to learn, and withal evinced so much sensibility, frankness, and sweetness of disposition, that he gained the affection, and excited the admiration, of all who knew him. His reverence to truth was such, even from his infancy, that he was never known even to equivocate.

When he was seven years old his aunt died, and he was left without any suitable protector or guide, exposed to the neglect and temptations so often connected with adversity.

After the death of his aunt, young Godman was bound as an apprentice to the printer of a newspaper in the city of Baltimore. With this situation, however, he was from the commencement extremely dissatisfied. In a letter written in July 1812 to Dr. Luckey, in whom he had found an early friend, he declares that it was worse than "cramping his genius over a pestle and mortar,"—it was "cramping it over a font of types, where there are words without ideas."

His early predilection for intellectual pursuits, and his unbounded confidence in his own powers and resources, are happily illustrated by the following anecdote related by Dr. Luckey. In the year 1810 the latter gentleman was student of medicine in the office of Dr. Thomas E. Bond of Baltimore. "The office," he remarks, "was fitted up with taste; and boys, attracted by its appearance, would frequently drop in to gaze on the labelled jars and drawers. Among them I discovered one evening an interesting lad, who was amusing himself with the manner in which his comrades pronounced the 'hard words' with which the furniture was labelled. He appeared to be quite an adept in the Latin language. A strong curiosity soon prompted me to inquire, 'Who are you?'—'Don't you recollect,' said he, 'that you visited a boy at Mr. Creery's who had a severe attack of bilious colic?'—'I do. But what is your name, my little boy?' He was small of his age. 'My name, sir, is John D. Godman.' 'Did you study the Latin language with Mr. Creery?' 'No, he does not teach any but an English school.' 'Do you intend to prosecute your studies alone?' 'I do: and I will, if I live, make myself a Latin, Greek, and French scholar.'"

During the unhappy war between Great Britain and the United States, young Godman, in 1814, became a sailor under Commodore Barney, and was engaged in some actual service. It does not appear how he left his apprenticeship: and his seamanship did not last long; for in 1815 he accepted the offer of Dr. Luckey, to become a resident in his family, and enter on the study of the medical profession. In a letter Godman says, "I have discovered my *real* age in an old book of my father's; and, you would hardly suppose it, I was twenty-one years old the twentieth day of December, 1815. Before I was two years old I was motherless—before I was five years old I was fatherless and friendless—I have been cast among strangers—I have been deprived of property by

fraud that was mine by right—I have eaten the bread of misery—I have drunk of the cup of sorrow—I have passed the flower of my days in a state little better than slavery, and have arrived—at what? manhood, poverty, and desolation. Heavenly Parent, teach me patience and resignation to thy will!"

He appears to have attended the lectures in the Baltimore school, through the sessions commencing in the autumn of 1816 and 1817. In the course of the last, Professor Davidge was disabled by an accident for several weeks, and Mr. Godman was appointed to supply his place. This, as he had been an apprentice to a trade not three years before, in the same city, was an honourable testimony to his talents and industry, and must have been highly gratifying to his ambition. According to Professor Sewall:—

"This situation he filled for several weeks with so much propriety—he lectured with such enthusiasm and eloquence—his illustrations were so clear and happy, as to gain universal applause; and at the time he was examined for his degree, the superiority of his mind, as well as the extent and accuracy of his knowledge, were so apparent, that he was marked by the professors of the university as one who was destined, at some future period, to confer high honour upon the profession. Upon this occasion a prize medal was awarded him for the best Latin thesis."

In reference to his graduation Dr. Godman wrote to his friend, Dr. Luckey, in these emphatic words:—

"I know not what to tell you for news, unless I tell you that I passed my graduate examination on Saturday (Feb. 7, 1816), which lasted twenty minutes; and of course I have now the 'vast unbounded prospect all before me,' though 'shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it.' I will go to the country to practice, most probably to Frederic county."

We come now to contemplate Dr. Godman as a member of the profession. Having, notwithstanding the apparently insurmountable difficulties against which he had to contend, originating in the want of influential friends, and in the extreme poverty in which he was plunged from infancy, succeeded in completing his medical studies and obtaining his degree, he commenced forthwith the practice of his profession in the village of New Holland, on the banks of the Susquehanna: at the termination of a few months he left this situation, and repaired to a small village in Anne Arundel county, in his native state; whence he wrote to Dr. Luckey in July, 1819, as follows:—

"My success in business has been considerable, or my practice, at least, has been as extensive as I could rationally expect—what my success may be in the end is at present very doubtful. I still have considerable expectation of being recalled to Baltimore, in order to fill the place which I held in the university. If it so happen, I shall be much delighted, as a country life is very little or not at all to my taste."

In these rural situations the active mind of Dr. Godman was not content with those scientific pursuits more immediately connected with his profession; he devoted himself with the utmost enthusiasm to the study of nature; and at a subsequent period set forth the fruits of his observations in a series of papers, entitled the "Rambles of a Naturalist." These beautiful sketches, which appeared originally in a weekly journal published in Philadelphia, although struck off on the spur of the occasion, possess all the characteristic freshness and vigour which marked Dr. Godman's style of writing. They were composed while the author was confined to a bed of sickness, and from which he was removed in a few weeks afterward to the tomb. The series was consequently left incomplete.

The ardent temperament of Dr. Godman was little adapted to the stagnant existence of a village doctor. He thirsted for competition, and longed to engage in the rivalries which prevail among the candidates for fame. Nature seems to have urged him on. It was she who revealed to him the compass of his intellectual powers; and bid him seek a theatre commensurate with their efficiency.

A different arrangement was made in the Baltimore school from what he had anticipated; and he was thus disappointed in receiving the appointment of public teacher, to which he had evidently looked forward with no little anxiety, and for fulfilling the duties of which with honour to the school and advantage to its pupils he was even then so well qualified. He nevertheless returned to Baltimore, as a situation which afforded him more ample opportunities for the study of anatomy, which he justly regarded as the foundation of medical science.

About this time Dr. Godman formed a connexion by marriage—an event which contributed equally to his domestic happiness and literary advancement. Soon after his marriage he removed to Phila-

delphia, but had scarcely settled in that city, when he received a pressing invitation to accept the professorship of anatomy in the medical college of Ohio—an institution then recently established. His qualifications for this situation were expressed by Professor Gibson, then of the University of Pennsylvania, but previously a member of the Baltimore institution, in the following unequivocal and prophetic language. "In my opinion, Dr. Godman would do honour to any school in America." He was forthwith appointed, and arrived in Cincinnati the ensuing October (1821), in time to enter on the duties of his chair with the commencement of the second session of the school.

For the practical details of such a professorship, remarks Dr. Drake, he could not, of course, be well prepared, as his surgical experience was exceedingly limited; but he was learned in the institutes of the science, and his knowledge of anatomy was comprehensive, accurate, and commanding. As a dissector he was equally rapid and adroit. His lectures were well received by the class, who admired his genius, were captivated by his eloquence, and charmed by the *naïveté* of his manners.

In the course of the session, difficulties, of which he was neither the cause nor the victim, were generated in the faculty; the class was small, and the prospects of the institute overcast: under these circumstances, Dr. Godman resigned his professorship, but did not at that time return to the east.

A short time previously Dr. Drake, of Cincinnati, had issued proposals for a medical journal, to be edited by the professors of the college, and obtained a number of subscribers; but the distracted state of the institution prevented the fulfilment of the design. To this enterprise, as soon as he had resigned, Dr. Godman directed his attention; and, assisted by Mr. Foote, a liberal and literary bookseller of Cincinnati, in a few weeks issued the first number of the "Western Quarterly Reporter." Thus, if not the first to project, Dr. Godman had the honour of being the first to commence, a journal of medicine in the Valley of the Mississippi. At the termination of six numbers, of a hundred pages each, the work was discontinued; for, previously to that time, its editor had returned to Philadelphia. More than three hundred pages of this periodical were from his own pen, chiefly in translations, and reviews of anatomy, physiology, and medical jurisprudence.

Dr. Godman resided only one year in Cincinnati, but in that short period he deeply inscribed himself on the public mind, and acquired the confidence and affection of a respectable circle of friends. In addition to writing for the medical journal just referred to, and to his practice which was considerable for a stranger, he erected an apparatus for sulphurous fumigation, and translated and published a French pamphlet in relation to that remedy; he read medical books, and many current works of general literature; prosecuted the study of the German and Spanish languages; and labelled the ancient coins and medals of the Western Museum. In the midst of the whole, he found sufficient time to cultivate his social relations; and every day added a new friend to the catalogue of those who loved him for his simplicity and frankness of manners, not less than they esteemed him for his virtues, and admired him for his genius, vivacity, and diligence. Thus, to use an idiomatic expression, he was a growing man, and might have remained there and done well. But the hand of destiny was upon him. He had left the banks of the Patapsco to be a public teacher; the same object had drawn him from Philadelphia to Cincinnati; and that object at length restored him to the great emporium of the medical sciences.

Contrary to the wishes and importunities of his western friends, he set off, in the autumn of 1822, with his young family, for the theatre of his future glory; which he reached in safety, though not without some of the many difficulties at that time connected with a journey across the state of Ohio.

More ambitious of fame, and more eager for the acquisition and diffusion of useful knowledge, than for the accumulation of wealth, Dr. Godman, on settling in Philadelphia, rather retired from the field of practice, that he might employ all his time, and exert all his powers, in scientific pursuits. He was thus, in a great measure, removed from the pitiful rivalries and jealousies of the profession; and placed in a situation which enabled him to enjoy the friendship without alarming the fears of his medical contemporaries.

His main object was to make himself a thorough anatomist, and to qualify himself for teaching the science. To this end he opened a room, under the patronage of the university of Pennsylvania, for giving private demonstrations; and in the first winter he drew around him a class of seventy students. He now found

himself occupying a field which furnished ample scope for the exertion of his powers, as well as for the gratification of his highest ambition. It was while thus engaged in the discharge of the arduous and laborious duties of this situation, that the foundation was laid of that fatal disease of which he died; for so eager was he to acquire knowledge himself, as well as to impart it to those around him, that he would not only expose himself to the foul atmosphere of the anatomical theatre during the whole day, but often subject himself to the severest toil for a considerable part of the night; while the moments which were spared from these labours, instead of being spent in relaxation, or in exercise in the open air for the benefit of his health, were employed in composing papers for the medical journals, in copying the results of his anatomical and physiological investigations, in preparing parts of his *Natural History*, or in carrying on other literary and scientific studies. It is impossible that a constitution, naturally delicate and predisposed to disease, could long remain unimpaired under such strenuous and unremitting exertions.

After Dr. Godman had prosecuted his anatomical studies in Philadelphia for four or five years, his reputation as a teacher became so generally known, his fame so widely extended, that the eyes of the profession were directed to him from every part of the country; and in 1826 he was called to fill the chair of anatomy in Rutgers's Medical College, recently established in the city of New York.

There could scarcely have been a stronger testimony of the high estimation in which he was held, or of his reputation as a teacher of anatomy, than this appointment, in an institution around which several of the most eminent professors in the country had already rallied, and which was called into existence under circumstances of rivalry, that demanded the highest qualifications in those who were called upon to establish and maintain its reputation.*

This situation, as well as every other in which Dr. Godman had been placed, he sustained with a popularity almost unparalleled. He never exhibited in public his talents as a lecturer, but he gathered around him an admiring audience, who hung with delight upon his lips. But the duties of the anatomical chair, together with his other scientific pursuits, were too arduous, and the climate too rigorous, for a constitution already subdued by labour and confinement, and invaded by disease; hence, before he had completed his second course of lectures, he was compelled to retire from the school, and seek a residence in a milder climate. He repaired with his family to one of the West India islands, where he remained until the approach of summer, when he returned and settled in Germantown. In this place and in Philadelphia he spent the residue of his life.

In 1829, Dr. Godman thus describes his condition:—"My excessive exertion and the exposure to a dreadful climate destroyed me. My lungs became diseased, and last winter I was threatened with so rapid a decline, as to force me to escape from the climate of New York by going to the West Indies. The months of February, March, and April, my wife and I spent in the Danish island of Santa Cruz, where I very nearly perished from my disease, though I should certainly have done so in New York. On my return to Philadelphia in May, I took a house in Germantown, within seven miles of the city, where I have since resided. During the warm weather I was able to creep about, but since the first of the fall have been confined to a single room. My health during all this time has been in a very wretched state, and my *consumption* very obvious indeed; for I wasted to bones, and lost all my strength. Until the last three weeks past I was exceedingly low, unable to sit up, eat, or perform any function advantageously. Since the time mentioned I have greatly recovered in all respects. My cough is by no means troublesome, and I eat and sleep well. What is best of all is, that I have never had hectic since leaving New York, where I was not properly prescribed for. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, I have had my family to support, and have done so merely by my pen. This you may suppose severe enough for one in my condition, nevertheless necessity is a ruthless master. At present, that I am comparatively well, my literary occupations form my chief pleasure, and all the regret I experience is, that my strength is so inadequate to my wishes. Should my health remain as it is now, I shall do very well, and I cannot but hope, since we have recently passed through a tremendous spell of cold weather without my receiving any injury. All my prospects as a public teacher of anatomy are utterly destroyed, as I can never hope, nor would I venture if I could, again to resume my labours. My success promised to be very great, but it has pleased God that I should move in a different direction."

From the time Dr. Godman left New York, his disease advanced with such a steady pace as to leave but little hope, either to himself or his friends, of his final recovery. He lingered but a few months, his death occurring on the morning of the 17th of April, 1830; he being then in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

Thus early died this able and worthy man, but not before he had left behind him contributions to natural history which will preserve his memory. His chief work is his "*Natural History of American Quadrupeds*," well known to European naturalists,—a work marked by research, accuracy and independence of judgment, a striking proof of which is his exposure of the "fabulous history of the beaver," whose marvellous and more than marvellous sagacity was a common theme in our books of natural history till within the last three or four years.

We will endeavour to make the readers of the *LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL* better acquainted with Dr. Godman, by reprinting his essays called "Rambles of a Naturalist," which will appear consecutively, in three or four succeeding numbers.

AMBITION CURED.*

JOSEPH opened the door and announced that the carriage was ready. My mother and sister threw themselves into my arms. "It is not yet too late," they exclaimed. "Abandon this project and remain with us."

"Mother! I am a gentleman, and am now twenty years old. I must make myself known to my country, and must carve a way to fame, either in the army or at the court."

"But what, my dear Bernard, will become of me when you have left me?"

"You will be proud and happy when you hear of your son's success."

"But if you should fall in battle!"—

"What then? What is life that we should set such value on it? A gentleman, and at my age, should regard only glory. Oh! my dear mother, fear not that in a few short years you shall see me return a colonel or a field-marshal, or perhaps high in the offices of state!"

"And what then?"

"I shall enjoy respect and dignity."

"And then?"

"All will bow before me."

"Well?"

"Then I will marry my cousin Henriette; will find husbands for my young sisters, and we will live tranquil and happy on my own estate in Brittany."

"What prevents you from doing all this at once? Has not your father left you in possession of the best fortune in the country? Is there anywhere within ten leagues around a finer estate, a more handsome chateau, than Roche Bernard? Are you not beloved by your tenantry? When you pass through the village, do not all bow before you? Leave us not, my son; remain with your friends; with your sisters, your old mother, who may be gone hence ere you return. Waste not your energies in the pursuit of vain glory; do not shorten those days which pass so rapidly, by cares and unnecessary sorrows. Life is very sweet, my child, and the sun of Brittany is beautiful."

Thus speaking, my mother led me to the windows, and pointed to the green alleys of the park, the old horse-chestnuts covered with flowers, the lilacs, the honeysuckles which perfumed the whole air,—all that fair scene glittering in the bright sunshine. The gardener and all his family were assembled in the ante-room, sad and silent, and seemed by their looks to say, Leave us not, dear master, leave us not! Hortense, my eldest sister, pressed me in her embrace; and my little sister, Amelie, who had been looking over the engravings in a volume of La Fontaine in a corner of the room, ran up to me with the open book, crying, "Read, dear brother, read this!"

I looked—it was the fable of the "Two Pigeons." I turned hastily, and exclaiming, "Let me go! I am a man, and a gentleman; and honour and glory must be mine." I rushed hastily into the court. I was springing into the chaise, when I beheld Henriette standing at the top of the steps. She did not speak—pale and trembling, she could scarcely support herself. She waved her handkerchief in token of a last adieu, and fell senseless. I flew to her, raised her in my arms, vowed to her an undying love, and as soon as she returned to herself, leaving her to the care of my mother and sisters, I ran to the carriage without again looking

* From the French of Scribe.

back. Had I once more looked on her, my resolution would have failed me.—In a few minutes we were on the high road.

For a long time my thoughts were only occupied by my sisters, by Henriette, my mother, and all the happiness I was turning my back upon; but these ideas grew less painful as the towers of Roche Bernard faded from my view; dreams of ambition and glory took their place, and filled my whole soul. What projects, what castles in the air, what glorious achievements I conjured up whilst rolling on in my post-chaise! Riches, honours, dignities, every sort of success I felt sure of attaining. I should deserve everything, and I rewarded myself in proportion. Growing higher in my own estimation, as I went onward I found myself a duke and peer, governor of a province, and a marshal of France;—when stopping at the inn-door, the voice of my domestic addressing me modestly, as "*Monsieur le chevalier*," brought me to my recollection, and obliged me to abdicate my dignities.

For several days, for my journey was a long one, I indulged in the same dreams and reveries. My destination was the house of the Duke of C—, an old friend of my father, and the protector of my family, who resided in the neighbourhood of Sedan. He had promised to take me with him to Paris, whither he was going at the end of the month, to present me at court, and use all his credit to procure me a company of dragoons.

It was evening when I reached Sedan, and being too late to go to the duke's chateau, I put off my visit till the morning, and betook myself to the "Arms of France," the best inn in the town, and the usual resort of the officers of the garrison, Sedan being a fortified town; the very streets had a warlike aspect, and even the citizens had a martial appearance, which seemed to say to strangers, "We are the compatriots of the great Turenne."

I supped at the table-d'hôte, and took an opportunity of inquiring the way to the chateau of the duke de C—, which was about three leagues from the town.

"Any one will point it out to you," was the reply. "It is well known in the country. It was in that chateau that the celebrated Marshal Fabert, that great warrior, died."

The conversation now turned, as was natural among a party of military men, upon the marshal. His battles, his exploits, the modesty which induced him to refuse the patent of nobility, and the military orders which Louis XIV. presented to his acceptance, were all mentioned; and beyond all they spoke of the remarkable good fortune which raised a private soldier, the son of a printer, to the rank of a marshal of France. No parallel instance could at that period be brought forward, and it appeared so extraordinary that it was among the uneducated very commonly ascribed to the agency of supernatural causes. It was currently reported, that he had dealt in magic from his boyhood, and that he had made a compact with the devil.

The innkeeper, who was thoroughly imbued with superstition, told us with great gravity, that a man clothed all in black, whom nobody knew, made his appearance at the chateau of the Duke de C—, at the time of Fabert's death, penetrated into his chamber and disappeared, bearing off the poor marshal's soul, which he had purchased, and had become his property; and he further related that in the month of May, the time of Fabert's death, the man in black appeared every evening carrying a lighted taper.

Such discourse lightened our repast, and we quaffed a bumper of champagne to the health of Fabert's familiar, desiring that he would take us also under his protection, and enable us to gain such battles as Collioure and La Marfée.

The next day I rose early, and repaired to the chateau of the Duke de C—, a large gothic mansion, which at another time would not have attracted my attention, but which I now regarded with a strange feeling of curiosity, as I recalled the marvellous tales of the preceding evening.

The servant who admitted me, told me he did not know whether his master could be seen, or whether he would receive me. I gave him my card, and he left me in a kind of guard-room, decorated with the spoils of the chase and old family portraits.

I waited some time, but nobody came. "So!" thought I, "my career of glory and honour is doomed to commence in an ante-room." Believing myself a neglected suitor, my impatience increased rapidly. I had counted the old paintings, and all the cross-beams of the ceiling, ten times over, when I thought I heard a slight noise. I perceived it arose from a half-closed door which was agitated by the wind. I looked through, and discovered a small room very elegantly furnished, and lighted by two windows and a glass door, which opened upon a beautiful park. I stepped in, but was suddenly arrested by the sight that met my eyes. A man, whose back was turned towards the door through which I

entered, was lying on a couch: suddenly he started up, and, without perceiving me, ran hastily to one of the windows; tears trickled down his cheeks, and profound despair was imprinted on all his features. He remained for some time motionless, his face buried in his hands; then, raising his head, he began to pace the room with hurried steps. He was close to me before he was aware of my presence, and started when he beheld me. I was retreating, stammering forth some words of excuse for my intrusion, when he stopped me, and, seizing me by the arm, inquired in a loud voice,—

"Who are you? What do you want here?"

"I am the Chevalier Bernard de la Roche Bernard, and have just arrived from Brittany."

"I remember, I remember," he replied; and, warmly embracing me, he made me sit down by him, and began to converse concerning my father and the whole family, in a manner evincing so intimate a knowledge that I could not doubt he was the master of the house.

"You are, I presume," said I, at length, "M. de C."

He rose, and, regarding me with a haughty air, he replied, "I was,—I am so no more; now I am but as nothing." Perceiving my astonishment, he added, "Not a word more, young man; ask me no questions."

"I have, sir, become the unintentional witness of your grief and care; and if, by my devotion, my friendship, I could hope to afford some relief to your sorrows,"—

"True, true, you are right; but you cannot change my destiny. My last wishes you may fulfil; but that is the only service that remains for you to pay."

He rose to close the door, and then reseated himself beside me, who, trembling with emotion, anxiously awaited his words. There was something peculiarly grave and solemn about him: his face, especially, wore an expression I had never seen on any other. His forehead, which I noticed particularly, seemed marked by fate. He was very pale; his black eyes flashed fire,—and from time to time his features, though worn by suffering, contracted into an ironical smile that had in it something almost demoniacal.

"What I am about to tell you," said he, "will appear incredible. You will doubt,—you will hesitate to believe it; I myself can scarcely give it credit,—at least I would I could not; but the proofs remain,—and in everything that surrounds us, in our very organisation, there are mysteries which it is impossible for us to understand."

He stopped an instant, as if to collect his ideas, and then continued:

"I was born in this chateau. I had two elder brothers, for whom the riches and honours of our house were destined. I was destined for the church,—a profession much opposed to my inclinations, which were fixed upon schemes of ambition and glory. Unhappy in my obscurity, and eagerly desiring renown, my thoughts were incessantly occupied in devising the means of gratifying my dearest wishes, and I became insensible to all the pleasures and delights of life. The present was as nothing to me; I existed only in the future, and the prospect before me was cheerless and gloomy."

"At the age of nearly thirty years I had still done nothing. At that period the renown of the literary reputations that had been achieved in the capital filled the trump of fame; a new path to distinction was opened, and candidates from all quarters hastened towards it. How often I exclaimed to myself, 'Ah, if I could but obtain a name in the field of literature it would be sufficient to secure renown, and that alone is happiness!'"

"I had made an ancient servant, an old negro, who had lived in the family before I was born, the confidant of my griefs; he was older than any one about the house, for no one remembered the time he had entered it: the country people even declared that he had known the Marshal Fabert, and had been present at his death."

Here I could not suppress a movement of surprise. My companion remarked it, and demanded the cause.

"It is nothing," I replied; but I could not help recalling the idea of the man in black whom the innkeeper had spoken of.

M. de C— went on:

"One day as I was giving way to my despair, and expressing my regret at the obscurity to which I was destined, and the uselessness of my life, in the presence of Yago (such was the negro's name), I exclaimed, 'I would give ten years of life to be placed in the first rank of our authors.'"

"What are ten years?" said Yago coldly; 'it is certainly paying much for a trifle,—but, nevertheless, I accept your ten

years. I take them; recast your promises if you please, I shall keep mine."

"I cannot express my surprise at this speech. I concluded that age had undermined his intellects: I left him with a smile of pity, and a few days after set out for Paris. There I found myself thrown into the society of men of letters. Their example encouraged me; and I published several works, with a success which I need not now mention. All Paris rang with my praises; the newspapers were filled with encomiums; my name became celebrated,—and yesterday you yourself expressed your admiration."

"What!" I exclaimed, in great astonishment, "you are not, then, M. de C—?"

"No," said he, coldly.

"Who can this be?" I thought within myself: "can I be speaking to Marmontel? to D'Alembert? to Voltaire?"

The Unknown sighed: a smile of regret and disdain played over his lips; and he again took up his tale.

"This literary reputation, which I had so much desired, proved far insufficient for so ardent a mind as mine. I aspired to a nobler renown, and I said to Yago, who had followed me to Paris, and never left me, 'No real glory, no true fame, can be acquired except in the career of a warrior. What is a man of letters, a poet? Nothing. Let me be a great leader,—the commander of an army; that is the destiny I covet,—and to obtain it I would sacrifice ten of the years that yet remain to me.'

"I accept them," said Yago; "I take them; they are mine; do not you forget."

At this point in his story the Unknown again stopped; and, observing the disturbed and doubting expression of my countenance, he said,—

"I have told you already, young man, that you would not credit my story; it seems to you a dream, a chimera! It does so to me; but yet the rank and honours I obtained were no illusion: the soldiers whom I led into the hottest fire, the redoubts carried, the standards taken, the victories which have astonished all France,—all were my work,—all this glory was mine."

As he thus rapidly went on, speaking with warmth and enthusiasm, surprise held me motionless, and I said to myself, "Who is it that is beside me? Is this Coligny? is it Richelieu? or can it be the Marshal de Saxe?"

From this state of excitement, the Unknown relapsed into exhaustion, and, drawing nearer to me, said, with a melancholy air—

"Yago spoke truth; and when, after a time, disgusted with the emptiness of military glory, I aspired to that which is the only real and positive good in this world; when, at the price of five or six years of existence, I desired gold and riches, he once more gratified my desire. Yes, young man, yes, I saw fortune seconding, nay surpassing, all my wishes; lands, forests, châteaux—this very morning all were at my command; if you doubt me, if you doubt Yago, wait—wait a very little time, and you will see with your own eyes that what bewilders both your reason and mine is but too true."

The Unknown walked to the fire-place and looked at the time-piece, gave a sign of horror, and said to me in a low voice,—

"At day-break this morning I felt so oppressed and feeble that I could scarcely sustain myself. I rang for my valet, but Yago appeared in his place."

"What can I be suffering from?" I asked him.

"Master, nothing is more natural. The hour approaches, the moment is arrived."

"What hour, what moment?" I cried.

"Can you not divine my meaning? Heaven allotted you sixty years of life: you were thirty years old when my service to you commenced."

"Yago," said I in terror, "are you speaking seriously?"

"Yes, master, within five years you have expended in glory twenty-five years of existence. You have given them, and they belong to me; and the years of which you are deprived are added to mine."

"And was this the price of your services?"

"Others have paid dearer for them; witness Fabert, whom I also protected."

"Peace, peace," I cried; "it is not possible, it is not true."

"You are pleased to say so; but prepare yourself, for you have but one half hour to live."

"You trifle with me, you jest—"

"Far from it: make the calculation yourself. You have actually enjoyed thirty-five years of life, and twenty-five years you have sold. The total is sixty. That is your business; every one for himself."

"He was turning to leave the room. I felt my powers diminishing, that life was ebbing from me."

"Yago! Yago!" I cried, "give me a few hours, only a few hours more."

"No, no," he replied, "it would take too much from my bargain. I know the value of life better than you do; all the treasures on earth are not worth two hours of existence."

"I could scarcely speak; my eyes were closing, and the cold of death was seizing on my limbs."

"Well," I at length exclaimed, making a strong effort, "take back those benefits for whose sake I have sacrificed myself. For four hours of life I will give up my gold, my riches, that opulence I so ardently desired."

"Be it so: you have been a good master, and I would willingly do something for your sake. I consent."

"I felt my vigour return, and I cried, 'Four hours is so short a time. Yago—Yago—four hours more, and I renounce my literary glory, all my works, all that has placed me so high in the estimation of the world.'

"Four hours for that," cried the Negro, disdainfully; "it is far too much; but I will not refuse your last request."

"No, not the last," cried I, clasping my hands. "Yago—Yago—I entreat—give to me this evening, the twelve hours, the entire day, and let all my actions, my victories, my military fame, be effaced for ever from the memory of man—let no memorial of them remain upon the earth—the day—Yago—the whole day, and I will be satisfied."

"You abuse my good-nature," said he, "and I am making but a fool's bargain. However, I will give you till sunset. Beyond that it is in vain to ask. In the evening I shall come for you."

"And he left me," continued the Unknown; "and this very day on which I am speaking to you is the last of my life." Then, approaching the glass door, which was open, and led into the park, he exclaimed, "I shall no longer behold these beautiful skies, these lawns, these sparkling fountains; I shall no longer breathe the balmy air of spring. Fool that I was! These blessings that God gives to all, those blessings of whose value I was insensible, and whose excellence I only now comprehend, I might have enjoyed for twenty-five years longer. I have wasted my days, sacrificed them for a vain chimera, for a sterile glory which has not rendered me happy, and is dead before me. See—see," he said, pointing to some peasants who were crossing the park, and passing singing to their labour, "what would I not give to partake their toils and hardships! But I have nothing more to give or to hope here below! No! not even misfortune."

At that moment a sunbeam, a ray of the bright sun of May, fell upon his pale, wild features; he laid his hand on me in a kind of delirium, and said,—

"See—see—how beautiful is the sun! and I must leave it.—I shall never enjoy it again.—Never shall I know such a bright, gladsome day—for me there is no to-morrow!"

He sprang away and ran into the park, and disappeared among the trees before I had the power to stop him. In truth, I did not possess the strength. I had fallen back upon the couch, totally bewildered with what I had beheld and heard. I rose and walked about to assure myself that I was no longer under the influence of a dream. Just then the door opened, and a servant announced the Duke de C—.

A gentleman about sixty years of age, bearing in his whole air and carriage the appearance of a man of high rank, entered, and holding out his hand, apologised for having made me wait so long. "I was not at home when you arrived," said he; "I had gone to the town to consult a physician regarding the health of my youngest brother, the Comte de C—."

"Do you consider his life in danger?" I inquired.

"No, thanks be to Heaven," replied the Duke; "but when young, his imagination was too highly excited by ideas of ambition and glory; and a serious illness from which he has lately suffered, and which we feared would carry him off, has left him in a state of delirium and alienation of mind, which impresses on him the constant opinion that he has but one day more to live. It is a delusion he labours under."

All was now explained.

The Duke continued: "Now, my dear sir, let us consider what we shall do for you. We shall leave this place at the end of the month for Versailles. I will present you."

"I was aware of your intentions, Monsieur le Duc," replied I; "but I have only to return you my grateful thanks, as I cannot avail myself of your kind services."

"What! do you mean that you have determined to renounce the court, and all the advantages that would attend you there?"

"Yes!"

"But consider, my young friend, that with my aid your progress would be rapid, and that with a little assiduity and patience, you might some ten years hence—"

"Ten years of lost time!" I exclaimed.

"Well," replied the Duke, somewhat surprised, "is that paying dear for glory, fortune, and honours? Come, come, you will yet go to Versailles."

"Excuse me, Monsieur le Duc, I am about to return to Brittany, and I beg you to accept my warmest thanks and those of my whole family for the benefits you intended me."

"This is folly," said the Duke.

"It is wisdom," said I, full of all I had seen and heard.

The next day I set out on my journey; with what delight I again welcomed my beautiful château of Roche Bernard, the old trees of the park, the beautiful sun of Brittany! I returned to my tenants, my sister, my mother, and happiness!—I have never quitted them since; for eight days afterwards I married Henriette.

POWERS OF THE ARAB HORSE.

I AM tempted to mention to you one feat of an Arab horse, the property of a person who has more than once been mentioned by me in these letters, Aga Bahram, and which has not, so far as I know, been ever doubted. This animal came from Shiraz to Tehrân, 520 miles, in six days; remained there three days, went back in five; remained at Shiraz nine, and returned again to Tehrân in seven days. This same gentleman told me that he had once rode another horse of his own from Tehrân to Koom, twenty-four fursuks, or about eighty-four miles, between the dawn of a morning near the vernal equinox, and two hours before sunset—that is, in about ten hours. This, too, is good going; but Aga Bahram had always the best horses in Persia.—*Fraser's Tartar Journey.*

THE OCEAN.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF ITS ORIGIN, CHARACTERISTICS, AND USES.

THE same influences that are exercised by the blood upon the bodies of animals are also exercised by the ocean upon the constitution of the globe. The fluid is, in both cases, the great principle of existence; it circulates nourishment through every part, it supplies what has decayed, it repairs what has been destroyed, and endows every separate member or region with activity and life.

It is also from the character of the fluid that the whole mass receives its conformation; and as that character alters, the nature of the complete body changes. A very slight variation in the quality or quantity of the blood will, in an animal, sometimes make it fierce or even mad, and sometimes bring on weakness and insensibility: a greater change occasions death. In the ocean, similar results would be produced, by its alterations, upon the life of the world: very small differences would modify, and greater would destroy, the existence of every living thing upon its surface; and at last, as the change became still more excessive, the characteristics of the entire planet would assume another form, and as different a one as we may conceive to be that of Mercury or Jupiter.

The chemical composition of water is found to be a union of two gases, oxygen and hydrogen. Of these, the first, oxygen, exists also in the atmosphere, of which it forms one-fifth, and supplies that vital air necessary to the respiration and life of animals: the other, or hydrogen, can hardly be said to exist at all in an uncombined state. We may imagine that these gases were at first formed separately, and continued so for a long period, remaining in an elastic state, and constituting an enormous atmosphere around our planet; and that, at last, combining together, they formed watery vapour, and gradually condensed into an ocean. Now, if the original quantity of hydrogen had been increased but by an exceedingly small amount, less than one three-hundredth part, it would have combined with the whole quantity of oxygen, and left the atmosphere deprived of that essential ingredient: in this case there could have been no life of animals, and possibly none of vegetation, upon the whole earth.

If, on the contrary, the oxygen had been more abundant, it would have remained in greater proportion in the air, and would have given too high a stimulus to the functions of life. Experi-

ments have proved, that when an animal is made to respire oxygen in a pure state, the effect is somewhat like that of intoxication: the breathing becomes hurried, the pulse is excited to a dangerous rapidity, and the blood circulates with a velocity that would very shortly wear life away. The phenomena of combustion would likewise be changed; the intensity of fire would be increased, and its duration shortened; it would be impossible to obtain a gentle, gradual heat, but every combustible would burn with a blaze as fierce as that of phosphorus, and be extinguished as soon. In this state, life would be but a rapid and giddy whirl, and fire a brilliant but brief flame; and in a short time neither could be found to exist at all.

The gases we have mentioned compose, when combined, pure water; besides these, the waters of the ocean contain salt held in solution: and this salt is in quantities so vast, that if the seas were dried away, a stratum of it would be left along the bottom, in some places one thousand feet thick. Concerning the origin of this vast mass, several theories have been formed. Some have supposed that saline particles brought down by the rivers have in the course of ages caused that accumulation: others, that beds of salt existed below the waters, and have been dissolved by them: but when we consider that all the salt we have ever discovered to exist on the earth, bears so small a proportion to the enormous quantity required as to be almost invisible in comparison, these theories appear insufficient, and we can only find an explanation in supposing that muriate of soda (for such is the chemical name of sea-salt) formed a principal part of the primitive rocky masses on the earth's surface, and that, being soluble, when the ocean was condensed, it was dissolved, and carried down by its waters, and has remained suspended in them ever since.

As the salt is not susceptible of evaporation, it never mixes with the air, nor is able to have any influence on the earth beyond the immediate flow of the tide. But upon the living contents of the ocean it does exert its influence, and any alteration of its properties would materially affect their existence. We can find no other salt, among the very numerous kinds which are formed by various chemical processes, that would allow life to exist in water which held so much dissolved as the salt in the sea; and we discover that if the proportion of even this salt were much increased, the effects would be equally destructive. On the other hand, multitudes of marine animals and plants cannot live in water less salt than their accustomed element, and will perish if a stream of fresh water reaches them. The geologist often finds the remains of fish in such a position and state of preservation, that it is evident they have lain completely undisturbed since the moment of their death; some of them even retaining in their mouths the prey they had caught, but had not had time to swallow. From these appearances, we have reason to conclude that the whole inhabitants of some portion of the sea were destroyed at once by the irruption of water more salt or more fresh than they could bear, and so suffered by a tranquil death, and were gradually covered by the deposit of sand or mud in which they are found; since, if some convulsion had destroyed them, it must almost certainly have shattered their very delicate fabrics; or if each individual had separately died a natural death, its body would have been infallibly devoured by its voracious neighbours.

We thus see with what nice accuracy the constituent parts of the ocean must have been provided, in order that the earth might exist in its present form, and with its present inhabitants: let us now consider how far that form is dependent upon the other qualities of the "World of Waters."

The most important quality possessed by the water of the sea, is its capability of evaporation, or of changing its form by the influence of heat, and becoming converted into an invisible, elastic vapour, which mixes with the atmosphere, and, being transported by the winds into distant regions, falls again in the form of rain; then collects into channels, giving rise to the mountain-torrent and the majestic river; and thus returns to the ocean it was drawn from, having completed a circuit, during every part of which it had enriched and benefited the earth. But the accomplishment of this circuit depends upon some curious and remarkable peculiarities attending the process of evaporation. We discover, on very superficial observation, the obvious fact, that the quantity of water which can be held suspended in the air depends upon the heat, and increases with it: but the principle, as so far developed, is not sufficient to account for the phenomena which are exhibited in nature; since, if the only cause of the fall of rain was the cooling of the air, which would not retain its moisture as the temperature diminished, how could we account for the frequent storms which are so continually recurring at the very time that the heat of the

weather is increasing? or how, indeed, could we ever find rain falling except during night, or on the approach of winter, while the warmth of the earth was decreasing? We must look farther, and observe more accurately, in order to obtain an explanation; and at length we reach it,—for we find that the quantity of vapour formed from the water not only increases with the heat, but increases in a *greater degree* than it; that is, that for every addition to the temperature, a greater and greater addition is made to the proportion of watery vapour held suspended; and it follows, as a necessary consequence, that two masses of air, saturated with moisture, and differing in temperature, can never unite without producing rain; for the heat of the combined mass will be a mean between that of the two portions, and this will not suffice to retain the water which they held dissolved, and the surplus will fall to the earth.

Many observations assure us of the truth of this principle. We may notice, for instance, how seldom a change of wind occurs without an accompanying rain—or, at all events, the formation of clouds; because it very rarely happens that the new wind is exactly of the same degree of heat as the one it has superseded. During the autumnal months this is often remarkably exemplified, since then the changes of wind and temperature are frequent and sudden. We have remarked sometimes, after a warm, damp wind has prevailed for a few days, that the arrival of a cold northern blast has been followed instantly by torrents of rain: for though this wind was in itself dry, yet, being cold, it occasioned the rapid fall of the water contained by the warmer air into which it intruded. In a few hours, we have seen the new wind obtain complete possession; and as the change was completed, the last portions of moisture were frozen and fell in the form of snow, and then a bright dry frost succeeded. The edges of a current of air, when it is touched by another gale moving in a different direction, are often marked by a thin coating of clouds: a long, narrow cloud is sometimes observed in a clear sky, produced by the entrance of a blast of wind, and generally prognosticating that the wind will soon blow upon the surface of the earth in the same direction as the length of the cloud. In tropical countries the changes of wind are more violent than in climates like ours, and the variations of heat are greater; and then, consequently, at certain seasons, occur storms of rain so vehement as to resemble deluges or cataclysms rather than showers, and appear absolutely terrific to those accustomed only to the comparatively moderate phenomena of temperate latitudes. In all these appearances we see proof both of the truth and the sufficiency of the principle we have laid down.

Besides the formation of rain and cloud, other and equally important characteristics of this globe depend upon the evaporation of the ocean. Among others, it is by this that the temperature of the whole planet is regulated. The mere substitution of a fluid more or less easy of vaporization than water would produce a greater change in the climate of the earth, than its being placed many millions of miles nearer or farther from the sun. Water, in becoming changed into vapour, absorbs an immense quantity of heat. A fire that will raise cold water to the boiling-point in a few minutes, will have to supply heat for hours before that water is entirely evaporated, and during that whole time the position and sensible degree indicated by the thermometer will never rise the least above that at which ebullition commenced. In the action of the sun's rays upon the ocean, a similar effect is experienced. Water requires a heat of 212 degrees to be converted into steam; but at lower temperatures it will evaporate, though in slower and smaller quantities, and by evaporation, receives into itself and renders imperceptible to the feeling a great amount of heat. On the other hand, when it condenses, and returns to the fluid state, that heat is again liberated, and produces the effect of diminishing, to a great extent, the rigour of the cold that would otherwise be experienced.

The same absorption and emission of heat that occur as water becomes vapour and vapour becomes water, also take place as the fluid passes into, and out of, the state of ice; only in a reversed order, heat being *emitted* in the process of freezing, and *absorbed* during that of liquefaction: thus the severity of the polar winter is alleviated by the supplies of caloric furnished by the ocean, as it becomes transformed into the enormous blocks of ice which, at length, convert its surface, in those regions, into a solid field; and, in their summer, a great portion of the rays supplied by the sun, which never sets for many months, is employed in melting those frozen masses.

We thus see that the ocean becomes the regulator of the climate of the earth; it is a grand storehouse wherein heat is deposited when it is in excess, and whence it may be drawn in times of defi-

ciency; it prevents the changes of temperature from being too sudden, and it modifies their extremity. It acts also as the conveyor of heat from one country to another; always taking it from those places where it is abundant, and transporting it to chillier climates. The greater part of the rain and snow are raised in vapour from the ocean in the hot and tropical latitudes; and, as we have explained, in becoming vapour absorb quantities of heat which those sultry regions can well spare, and which are reissued as the clouds distil again upon the earth in colder and more northern climates. To so great an extent does this operation take place, that the water of the sea between the tropics is very considerably more salt than that nearer the poles; because the water, as it evaporates, leaves the salt which it held dissolved behind it; and as it descends again renders more diluted, that is, fresher, the brine with which it mixes. This difference in the proportion of the salt in the different parts of the ocean, is probably increasing; for the cause is in perpetual action, and the only means of restitution is the flow of currents from the equator towards the poles, and these are slow and infrequent. Another way in which the ocean acts in conveying heat to distant parts, is by means of the *icebergs*. If the ocean were always calm and still, it would in freezing become a solid, level field of ice, gradually increasing in its hardness and thickness as we approach the pole. This is the way in which we find the vast lakes of North America sometimes frozen; as they form immense uniform plains, broken only by an occasional chasm in the ice, where it is kept open by the flow of some stream from the shores. But the ocean is perpetually in motion, from the action of the tides and a variety of irregular currents; and by these the fields of ice are broken into detached fragments, and swept into some deep bay on the coast, where they are hurled against one another with such force as to raise the smaller masses out of the water, and pile them into cliffs of an enormous height and size. Some of these have been calculated to contain many thousand cubic yards of solid ice; others have been seen four or five hundred feet high above the water; and one is mentioned which had been accidentally pierced by an arched chasm, so large that a sloop could have passed through it in full sail. The icebergs become broken off when summer has dissolved the frozen fields by which they are surrounded, and then they drift into the waters of the temperate zones, absorbing their warmth as they pass through them, and, at last, finally disappear; though this does not happen sometimes till they have travelled an immense distance. Many icebergs from the north seas pass down much beyond the latitude of England, and some have been met with even in the neighbourhood of the Azores, or in the 37th degree from the equator.

In observations made upon the climate of the various parts of the earth, the difference between the hottest and the coldest regions is exceedingly small, considering how enormously greater is the actual quantity of heat furnished by the sun to the central circles of the globe than to the polar: the mean temperature, or the average degree of heat throughout the year, seldom in any place exceeds 100°, and never descends lower than 32°; making a difference of not quite 70°, although the equator receives annually many hundred times more rays than either pole. This effect is doubtless due entirely to the ocean; and we may well conclude that if this earth were, as the moon seems to be, a dry, solid sphere, a very small portion of its surface would be fit for habitation, the extremities of the temperature existing in the other and larger parts rendering them unendurable, unless to bodies formed very differently to those of the inhabitants of this earth.

In confirmation of our views on this subject, we may mention a fact or two which we learn from our investigations of the properties of other fluids. Suppose the sea flowed with quicksilver instead of water; or at least with a fluid which resembled quicksilver in the qualities of freezing and evaporation, the difference between this and water would be, that while water becomes ice at 32°, quicksilver requires a cold of 72° lower, or -40° before it freezes; and while water boils at 212°, and evaporates more or less at almost every degree, the other fluid does not boil till it is heated to 660°, and will hardly change to vapour in any appreciable quantity, till between 400° and 500°; the consequence would be, that in the hot countries the rays of the sun would pour down unimpeded by any cloud, and exert an action which there would be no evaporation from the sea to restrain, till a temperature of 500° had been reached; and to that point it would at last arrive, and continue there at least for many hours of every day. In the northern circles, on the contrary, the deficiency of heat would have no sources whence it could be supplied. The few clouds formed between the tropics would have fallen long before they had

travelled so far, and the temperature would fall without a check till it reached -40° , the point when the sea would begin to freeze. All the polar, and great part of the temperate zones, would certainly be exposed to a cold as great as this, and very likely much greater, during a large part of the year, while the tropical districts would be burning under a heat of 500° , and in neither would it be possible for vegetable or animal life to exist.

To substitute a fluid of another sort, and suppose that instead of water the sea flowed with ether, would effect a very different change. This liquid is so easy of evaporation, that it boils at 98° , and dries away very fast at a common temperate heat. A few drops let fall on the hand produce the sensation of considerable cold; and if a glass bulb be filled with water, and wrapt round with cotton, kept wet with ether, the water will be frozen in a few minutes, even in the hottest day of summer. An ocean of ether would, therefore, make this planet much colder than it is at present. The heat of any part would seldom exceed 32° ; and as this liquid freezes with great difficulty, the cold at the poles would be intense. The vapour, too, being so easily raised, would be much more abundant in the atmosphere, clouds would be more frequent, and the fall of rains far more heavy and continued.

These reasonings upon the influence of the ocean introduce us to an interesting subject of inquiry, whether the other planets of our system may not in this manner be fitted for residence even of beings constituted like ourselves. At first sight we might suppose that the planets Jupiter and Saturn were too distant from the sun, and too cold, and Mercury or Venus too near and hot for habitation; but with an ocean properly constituted, the temperature of any, or all of them, might be reduced to the standard of our world, and rendered fit for its inhabitants. That the planet Mars possesses an ocean, we have proof from telescopic observations, which also inform us that a white circle spreads round each pole after its winter, as if masses of ice had accumulated there in the same manner as in our arctic regions. From the other planets we have no such information; but future astronomers and more powerful instruments may obtain further intelligence; and to them we may bequeath an investigation which, though interesting, can never be to us more than a barren speculation.

THE MERCY OF JUDGE JEFFERIES.

THE following remarkable anecdote of the notorious Judge Jeffries, for once interfering to spare instead of taking a life, is extracted from the diary of that excellent non-conformist divine, Calamy; a man who in troublous times so conducted himself, as to win the regard and esteem of all parties, and to leave behind him a well-earned reputation, as a good man and faithful minister of the gospel. The story we transcribe is well told, and affords a characteristic sketch of the manners of the times it relates to.

"Spending a Lord's-day at Highgate, (I think it was while Mr. Rathband was the minister there, though I have no conjecture in what year,) in the evening I fell into the company of Mr. Story, of whom I had before no knowledge, who generally bore the character of an honest man. His family was then at Highgate, and he with them, when business would allow it. But his usual residence was in the city, at the African House, where he was house-keeper.

"The company, when he came in, were familiarly discoursing upon the providence of God, and the remarkableness of many steps of it towards particular persons and families, that well deserved to be regarded and recorded; and some instances were given by several present. At length, Mr. Story told us, if we had the patience to give him the hearing, he would acquaint us with some as remarkable passages relating to himself as we should ordinarily hear of, the impressions whereof he hoped would not wear out to his dying day.

"We all listened with attention, and he, appearing considerably affected, gave us to understand that, in 1685, he was with Monmouth in the west, and pretty active in that company, and was afterwards shut up in a close prison, none having liberty to come to him, to administer any refreshment. His thoughts were in the mean time busily employed in contriving means to compass a deliverance. Among others who he thought capable of doing him service, he pitched upon Mr. Brough, a linen-draper, well known in Cheapside, who had often drank a cheerful glass with Jeffries, when he was common sergeant and recorder; Mr. Story himself being sometimes in their company.

"He wrote letter upon letter to him, pressing him with the most

moving arguments he could think of to pity his great distress, and to make use of his interest with Jeffries (who, it was generally said, was to go the western circuit as lord chief justice) for his relief, if it could be obtained. Among other things he told him, that if this were done, he should be able and ready to pay him a considerable debt, of which he could, otherwise, have no hopes, by reason that what he had, would be liable to be seized.

"Mr. Brough, to help him in his trouble, waited on the lord chief justice one morning at his levee, and stood in the hall among a good number of waiters, who were attending there upon different accounts. At length a pair of folding doors flew open, and my lord appeared, and took a general view of the waiting crowd, and soon spied Mr. Brough, who was taller than any near him, and was by the rest of the company thought a much happier man than they, in that, though he was at a considerable distance, he was yet singled out from among them, particularly called to, saluted with great familiarity, and taken into the drawing-room, upon which the folding doors were again fast closed.

"They were no sooner alone, than my lord fell to questioning Mr. Brough, saying, 'I prithee, Robin, to what is it that I must ascribe this morning's visit?' Mr. Brough made answer, that he had business that way, and was willing to take the opportunity of inquiring after his lordship's welfare. 'No, no, Robin,' said my lord, 'I am not to be put off with such flams as that. I'll venture an even wager thy business is with me, and thou art come to solicit on behalf of some snivelling whig or fanatic that is got into Lob's pound yonder in the west. But I can tell thee beforehand, for thy comfort, as I have done several others, that it will be to no purpose, and therefore thou mightest as well have spared thy labour.'

"'But pray, why so, my lord?' said Mr. Brough. 'Supposing that should be the case, I hope as they have not been all alike guilty, and some may have been drawn in by others, it is not designed that all shall fare alike.'

"'Yes, yes, Robin,' says my lord, 'they are all villains and rebels alike, all unfit for mercy, and they must be alike hanged up, that the nation may be cleared of such vermin; or else,' said he, 'we should find, now they are worsted and clapped up, that they were all drawn in, and we shall have none to make examples of justice, to the terrifying of others. But, I prithee Robin,' said my lord, 'who art thou come to solicit for? Let me know in a word.'

"'Says he, 'My lord, it is an honest fellow, with whom I have been a considerable dealer; one with whom your lordship and I have taken many a bottle when time was; and one that besides is so much in my debt, that if he is not somehow or other brought off, I am like to be several hundred pounds the worse. It is Story, my lord, whom your lordship can but remember.'

"'Ah, poor Story!' said my lord, 'he is caught in the field, and put in the pound. Right enough served: he should have kept farther off; and you should have taken care not to have dealt with such wretches. But he must have his due among the rest,' said my lord; 'and you must thank yourself for the loss you sustain.'

"'Well, but I hope your lordship,' said Mr. Brough, 'will find some way to bring him off, and help him to a share in the royal clemency, for which there will doubtless be some scope, that so I may not suffer for his fault. I intend, my lord,' said he, 'to go the circuit with you, and we'll drink a bottle and be merry together every night, if you'll be so good as to give me a little encouragement.'

"'Nay now, friend Robin,' said my lord, 'I am sure thou art most woefully out in thy scheme, for that would spoil all. Shouldst thou take that method, thou shouldst certainly see thy friend Story hung upon a gibbet some feet higher than his neighbours, and there could be no room for showing mercy. But take my advice for once, and go thy ways home, and take not the least notice to any one of what has passed. Particularly take care to give no hint to Story himself, or to any one capable of conveying it to him, that there has been any application to me concerning him; and though he should write never so often, give him no answer, either directly or indirectly. If any notice was given him, I should certainly find it out, and be forced to resent it; and the consequence would be, that I should be under the necessity of using him with more severity, than I might of myself be inclined to. But keep counsel, say nothing to any one, and leave me to take my own way, and I'll see what can be done.'

"Mr. Brough followed orders, kept all that had passed entirely to himself, and never made Mr. Story any reply. He concluded either that his letters miscarried, and never came to hand; or that

no mercy could be had, and therefore lived in expectation of the utmost severity. He dreaded the coming of the lord chief justice, and the sight of him when he was come; and when he appeared before him, he was treated with that peculiar roughness, that he was rather more dispirited than before.

"When Jeffreys cast his eyes upon him from the bench, he knew him well enough; and he (poor wretch) stood bowing and cringing before him in so suppliant a manner as that he thought it might have moved anything but a stone, and looked at him with a piercing earnestness, to try if he could meet with anything that had the least appearance of remaining compassion; he was, as it were, thunderstruck to hear him, upon pointing to him, cry out in the sternest manner that could be conceived, 'What forlorn creature is that that stands there? It is certainly the ugliest creature my eyes ever beheld! What for a monster art thou?' Poor Story continuing his bows and cringes, cried out, 'Forlorn enough, my lord, I am very sensible! But my name is Story, and I thought your lordship had not been wholly ignorant of me.' 'Ah, Story,' said my lord; 'I confess I have heard enough of thee. Thou art a sanctified rogue! a double-dyed villain! Thou wert a commissary! and must make speeches forsooth! and now, who so humble and mortified as poor Story. The common punishment is not bad enough for thee! But a double and treble vengeance awaits thee! I'll give thee thy desert, I'll warrant thee; and thou shalt have thy bellyfull of treason and rebellion before I have done with thee.'

"The poor man concluded the very worst against himself that could be, and became inconsolable. My lord's carriage was much of the same kind, upon his trial afterwards. He railed at him until he foamed at the mouth, and gave him the foulest language, called the hardest names, and used the most cutting reproaches, that were observed in the case of any one that came before him in that place. Yet when others were executed, he was respited, being, as was said, reserved for some severer vengeance. When my lord left town, his chains were doubled and trebled by order, but his life was left him as a prey; and so great was the misery he endured, that he could hardly think of anything worse, or imagine what that was which was said to be reserved for him.

"When he had continued thus for a great while, at length there came orders for the transferring him, with a good guard attending him, to another prison that was somewhat nearer London; and from thence he, after some time, was with great care transferred to another, and so to another, still all the while laden with irons, until at length he was brought up to, and lodged safe in Newgate, where he continued for a great while, confined to a miserable dark hole, not being able to distinguish well between night and day, except towards noon, when by a little crevice of light as he stood on a chest, with his hands extended to the utmost length that his eyes could reach to, he made a shift to read a few verses in an old bible he had in his pocket, which was his greatest remaining comfort.

"In this miserable plight, his keeper came running to him one day, with abundance of eagerness, saying, 'Mr. Story, I have just now gotten orders to bring you up immediately before the king and council.' Mr. Story, being greatly surprised, begged with the utmost earnestness that he would so far befriend him, as to let him send for his relations for some suitable apparel, and have a barber to trim him, that he might not appear in such a presence in so miserable a plight. The keeper declared that his orders were positive, to bring him in all respects as he was, without any alteration, and that he durst not presume to disobey them. Wherefore he clapped him into a coach as he was, and drove to Whitehall.

"As they were driving thither, and talking about the particulars of his case, the keeper told him he had only one hint to give him, which was this, that if he saw the king at the head of the table in council, and he should think fit to put any questions to him, which it was not improbable might be his case, it would be his best and wisest way to return a plain and direct answer without attempting to hide, conceal, or lessen anything. He thanked him for the advice given, and promised to follow it.

"When he was brought into the council chamber, he made so sad and sorrowful a figure, that all present were surprised and frightened: and he had so strong a smell by being so long confined, that it was very offensive. When the king first cast his eyes upon him, he cried out, 'Is that a man? or what else is it?' Chancellor Jeffreys told his Majesty that that was Story, of whom he had given his majesty so distinct an account. 'Oh! Story,' says the king; 'I remember him. That is a fellow, indeed!'

Then turning towards him, he talked to him very freely and familiarly.

"Pray, Mr. Story," says he, 'you were in Monmouth's army in the west, were you not?' He, according to the advice given him, made answer presently, 'Yes, an't please your Majesty.' 'And you,' said he, 'was a commissary there, were you not?' And he again replied, 'Yes, an't please your majesty.' 'And you,' said he, 'made a speech before great crowds of people, did you not?' He again very readily answered, 'Yes, an't please your majesty.' 'Pray,' says the king to him, 'if you haven't forgot what you said, let us have some taste of your fine florid speech. Let us have a specimen of some of the flowers of your rhetoric, and a few of the main things on which you insisted.'

"Whereupon Mr. Story told us that he readily made answer, 'I told them, an't please your majesty, that it was you that fired the City of London.' 'A rare rogue, upon my word!' said the king. 'And pray what else did you tell them?' 'I told them,' said he, 'and it please your Majesty, that you poisoned your brother.' 'Impudence in the utmost height of it!' said the king. 'Pray let us have something farther, if your memory serves you.' 'I farther told them,' said Mr. Story, 'that your Majesty appeared to be fully determined to make the nation both papists and slaves.'

"By this time the king seemed to have heard enough of the prisoner's speech, and therefore crying out, 'A rogue with a witness!' and cutting off short, he said, 'To all this I doubt not but a thousand other villainous things were added: but what would you say, Story, if after all this I should grant you your life?' To which he, without any demur, made answer, that he should pray heartily for his Majesty as long as he lived. 'Why then,' says the king, 'I freely pardon all that is past, and hope you will not, for the future, represent your king as inexorable.'

"Any one may easily conclude, that the poor man was overjoyed at the sudden alteration of his case. He was in perfect raptures and transports when he was giving us this brief account of it a great many years after. He told us freely, that he not only was at a loss how to express his gratitude to Mr. Brough, who had been so active in this affair, but that he had that grateful sense of the kindness even of chancellor Jeffreys in saving his life, notwithstanding the odd peculiarity of the way and method of his doing it, that had he, when he came to be in extremity, and in the utmost danger from the enraged mob, instead of flying to Wapping, applied to him for shelter, at the time of king James's flying away, he would rather have exposed himself, than not have screened him to his utmost.

"I could not help being affected with this singular passage; and the rather, because I very much question whether many such acts of mercy and kindness can be placed to Jeffreys' account. Yet I do not know but that there may be several who would rather have made it their choice to have died once for all than to have done such very severe penance, for so long a time together, and have passed through so many deaths to a continued life at last, which at his years could not be expected to last very long."

DIETETICS IN INDIA.

THE subject of diet is one in which persons going to India rather late in life usually feel great anxiety and alarm, and, in their determination to avoid anything like excess, they frequently fall into the opposite extreme. Two of the bishops who died in Calcutta were said to have sacrificed themselves to abstinence carried to too great an extent. It is impossible, therefore, to prescribe a regimen which will suit every constitution; and each individual must be guided by experience and the knowledge he has attained of what is hurtful, or the reverse. Many persons are afraid to touch fruit, which nevertheless may be eaten in moderation with advantage. A certain quantity of stimulant seems absolutely necessary, taken in the shape of wine, beer, or weak brandy-and-water; but everybody should discourage, as much as possible, the habit of drinking between meals. Iced water is to many persons a pleasant and a wholesome stimulant; soda-water, taken in moderation, is also very agreeable and salutary; and occasionally a teaspoonful of sal-volatile, in a tumblerful of cold water, will be found beneficial. The native servants prepare many kinds of sherbets of the most palatable description, but it is advisable to partake very sparingly of them. A wine-glassful of milk punch, in a tumbler of cold water, forms a refreshing drink; the small quantity of spirit contained preventing the acid from disagreeing. Beer is a good thing in moderation, but should not be drunk

between meals; it is difficult, when thirst is excessive, to refrain; but it should be borne in mind, that the means employed are never adequate to the end, encouraging rather than preventing the evil—those who drink frequently soon finding their thirst unquenchable. Hot tea, and all cold weak liquids, bring on attacks of prickly heat; but these the sufferer must learn to bear, since there is neither prevention nor cure. The only safe alleviation is the application of powder, or, when friction can be borne, warm soap and water rubbed with flannel on the part affected. Prickly heat is occasioned by very minute blisters suddenly rising on the skin, and filled with water at a boiling pitch, the pain it produces being sometimes so violent as only to be compared to cutting with knives.—*East India Voyager.*

BLOOD REVENGE AMONGST THE NAMAQUAS.

IN Sir James Alexander's narrative of his expedition into the interior of Africa*, we find the following, which may serve as a sort of pendant to the article on "Capital Punishments" in our last number. At the beginning of 1837, Sir James was at the kraal of a Namaqua chief called Abram, which has been made a missionary station. This contained two stone houses, and about fifty mat huts. "The Warm Bath," he says, "or Nisbett's Bath, as it is now called (in honour of a Mr. Nisbett, who advanced a considerable sum for this station), is a remarkable place in Namaqua land, as it is the head-quarters of one of the most considerable tribes. It was convenient for me to 'set up my staff' here on the banks of the 'Hoom for a time, that I might wait for the thunder rains which fall about the beginning of the year, previous to attempting to penetrate further to the north.

"On Sundays, at the Bath, I hoisted the union-jack on the waggon. After breakfast, Mr. Jackson preached in Dutch to a crowded Namaqua congregation, and his sermon was interpreted sentence by sentence into the Namaqua language, by a native schoolmaster. The people were fond of singing, though their voices were rather shrill. Mr. Jackson, assisted by Mrs. Jackson and the schoolmaster, taught a school of children, on week days, from the Dutch Bible. Mr. Jackson was a young and a zealous missionary. His situation in the wilderness—two hundred miles from Lily Fountain, the next Wesleyan station, and amidst a tribe bearing a bad reputation for treachery, and to which people he paid dear for what articles of food he wanted—was not to be envied. Besides this, the heat reflected from the sand and the grey granite rocks, is excessive at the Bath in December, January, February, and March. In the beginning of December the thermometer was generally 80 degrees at mid-day."

"The people at the Bath amounted to between five or six hundred souls; but these were not all the adherents of Abram; the others lay at different places, some distance from the Bath: perhaps his people may amount to two or three thousand souls.

"Abram's country may be said to extend one hundred and eighty miles north of the Orange river, and it is about one hundred miles broad. The Chief Kuisip is to the west of him; Amral to the north-east; the Africaners to the east; to the north-west are the Buys of Bethany; west is Kurusumop, and Paul Lynx is at the mouth of the Orange River."

When Sir James Alexander prepared to set out on his journey, he "engaged an interpreter for the journey in rather a singular way. An old man, Choubib, who could speak Dutch, came from a distance to complain of Henrick, a captain under Abram, by whom he had been robbed. Choubib's story was shortly this:—his brother-in-law, a Bastard of the name of Engelbrecht, was out hunting a year before this with Henrick's father, and whilst they were resting themselves and smoking together at a bush, a troop of zebras galloped past. Engelbrecht hastily snatched up his gun; it had got entangled with a branch, went off accidentally, and old Henrick was shot through the body, and shortly after expired, merely requesting that his friends would come and bury him. Engelbrecht, knowing the vindictiveness of old Henrick's people, fled for protection to Choubib.

"Young Henrick sent to demand that Engelbrecht should be given

up, that with his life he might pay the price of blood for blood; but Choubib would not surrender him; and said he should take Engelbrecht to the Bath, to be judged there by the chief and the missionary. He did so, and old Henrick's death was found to have happened by accident. Choubib and his brother-in-law returned home; and one day whilst he and Engelbrecht were out hunting, Henrick sent a commando against Choubib's kraal; the women were plundered of their beads and skins, and otherwise ill used; the herd was killed in the field with stones, and thirty head of cattle, forty sheep and goats, two guns, and some horses, were carried off. In such a lawless state is Great Namaqua land.

"Choubib said that he and his people were starving. Abram, with his usual dogged indolence did not listen to the tale of injustice. I supported Choubib with food for several days, and then went to Abram with him, and persuaded the chief to send off three men to demand Choubib's property; when the old man said he would guide me to Walvisch Bay, if I chose. I was very glad to have his services, for which he asked a gun and some ammunition.

"Abram was for some days in a very bad humour with Mr. Jackson, because the missionary had been lecturing him about certain neglects of duty, and had 'put his finger in the chief's eye,' as Abram expressed it. At last he came round. The messengers he had sent to Henrick on Choubib's account now returned, and reported that if Choubib wanted his property he might come and fetch it himself; that Henrick would not send it; and that Abram had not yet comforted the hearts of Henrick and his people, the 'Haboobees, or 'leather shoe wearers,' for the death of Henrick's father. I now said that I wished Abram to go with me to Henrick, when we left the Bath, to endeavour to recover Choubib my interpreter's property, and Abram agreed to go with me. I let Choubib go back to his people for a few days.

"At Kanus I left Taylor and ten men in charge of the waggon and baggage, and with Robert Elliot, Abram, and Choubib, who had just rejoined us, and nine of the escort, I set out for the robber Henrick's place among the recesses of the Karas mountains, to endeavour to recover Choubib's cattle.

"This was undoubtedly rather a hazardous undertaking, knowing, as I did, the bad character I had to deal with; still, for the sake of securing the services of Choubib to the sea, and having pledged myself to assist him on this occasion, it was necessary I should go through with the business, and run some risk.

"Through most rugged and stony glens (road there was none), my poor horses and the oxen slipping over the stones, and our clothes torn with thorn bushes, we reached a small hamlet of huts; here an old woman, an acquaintance of Choubib's, came out, seized his hands, hung her head to one side, whined and cried, and ran after him. Ascending a hill, we off-saddled on the other side, in a narrow valley, near some more huts, at a place called Kama Kams, about fifty miles from where I had left the waggon, and only two from the place of the robber Henrick.

"Abram had a right to call Henrick to him, as Henrick was a captain under the chief: two men were accordingly despatched to Henrick with this message, that a white captain wished to see him, and to speak to him about sheep and cattle for purchase, and about other matters: he returned for answer, that he should come in the morning.

"Henrick appeared at the appointed time—a strutting little fellow with a long stick in his hand. He was accompanied by a few men: and we sat down under a tree. I asked him if he could sell me any cattle or sheep for my journey, and he said he could spare me only two sheep for cotton handkerchiefs. I then explained why I came into the land:—to see it, and to ascertain if a trade could be opened with the people. I then, keeping Choubib out of sight, went over the manner of old Henrick's death, and the seizure of Choubib's cattle and sheep after it; and that the death had been proved at the Bath to have been occasioned by accident. I said that I interfered in this matter, because, among other reasons, I wished to see peace in the land, and not war, which there would certainly be if the plundered property was not now given up. I explained that in other countries it is the custom to pay a fine for blood, even if it was shed, as in this case, by accident; that now Henrick would probably get some cattle for the death of his father; but that it was cruel to bring Choubib's people to the verge of starvation by depriving them of all their milk—their chief support; and I added that we wished to trade with the Namaquas; but that if there was war in the land, our traders could not venture near it. Missionaries, also, whom many of the Namaquas desired to have, could not live in the land

* An Expedition of Discovery into the Interior of Africa, through the hitherto undescribed Countries of the Great Namaquas, Boschmans, and Hill Damars. Performed under the auspices of Her Majesty's Government, and the Royal Geographical Society; and conducted by Sir James Edward Alexander, K.L.S., Captain in the British, Lieut.-Colonel in the Portuguese Service, F.R.G.S. and R.A.S., &c. London: Henry Colburn. 1838.

if the people were fighting with each other;—that if the Namaquas quarrelled among themselves they would be rendered weak, when the Damaras might come down to destroy them;—that as for the English, they were not afraid of Namaquas, Damaras, or of any other people in the world;—that we had such a quantity of guns and ammunition, that no people could hurt us; but that in these times, notwithstanding our great power, we never oppressed any one, and instead of our allowing, as in the old times of the Cape Government, the natives of the country to be deprived of their land, the present Governor of the Cape was giving the Hottentots land wherever he could find it vacant in the colony.

"To all this Henrick said, 'My heart burns for the life of Engelbreght, because he shot my father.' I answered that Choubib was to be praised for not surrendering his brother-in-law—that he could not have done it—and that if his property was not given up, he would call on the great Chief Amral, under whom he stood, to come down and destroy Henrick and his people,—and that it was impossible they could escape. To this Henrick answered, 'I don't care; I can but die;' he then, after three hours' stout argument, said, 'I'll send my mother to you.' He then retired; and in the evening old Henrick's widow came (a sturdy old hag), and we soon saw that, though her son might be brought to terms, it was this old 'limb of Satan' who was at the bottom of all the mischief.

" 'Kill and slay,' she cried in a fury. 'I'll listen to nothing;—what do you all know about the matter? I want Engelbreght's wife to be in the same state as I am—to be a widow as well as myself. Why should she have a man any more than I have? We find that you have Choubib here—give him up to us; if we cannot have Engelbreght's life, we can have Choubib's; and blood we must have.' I said we would sooner give up our own lives than Choubib's; that he was my interpreter and under my protection. The old haridan, cooling a little, then asked me for some tobacco. I gave her a stick of it, and she went off smoking, though not apparently 'a calumet of peace.'

"Matters looked rather awkward, and it was evident that our arms ought to be in fighting order, in case of accident. We accordingly prepared a half-moon screen of bushes in an open part of the narrow valley to sleep behind, and defend ourselves if necessary; and sending a spy to the huts in front for milk, he discovered that a considerable number of muskets had been just sent from Henrick's place, to be in readiness. I told my two white men that we must prepare to sell our lives as dearly as we could; but that I did not doubt, if we could manage to shoot Henrick or his mother, or both, the first fire, and then rush in with our swords, that the rest would run off, or give in; and that, in the mean time, it was necessary to keep a good look-out during the night.

"Abram and his people went to sleep on their arms. I took the first watch from ten to twelve, and my men the watches from twelve to two, and two to four; but we had no interruption; and after sunrise Henrick sent a messenger to say that he wanted to speak to me. I said he might come; when (to intimidate us) he appeared with thirty-three strapping fellows, double our number, and it was only on my own two men I could depend, and not on the cowardly Bondelzwarts.

"We sat down again to confer. Henrick said he came to listen. I said he must tell us something; and he replied that if we were not so strong, he would take Choubib, kill him on the spot, and give his body to the crows. Then to pick a quarrel he began to question a servant of Choubib's regarding the death of the old captain (Henrick's father). I got impatient, and interfering, said that I could not spare time to go over the story of the death again—that we had discussed all that yesterday—that Henrick should have neither Engelbreght nor Choubib to murder; and that if he did not send Choubib's property to the waggon now, he should hear from us before long. I then ordered my horses, carried off Choubib, and was followed by the Bondelzwarts—Abram, the chief, having been unable to make Henrick listen to him.

"The leather shoe wearers' did not venture to follow us, or attempt to capture Choubib. The line of conduct which I now pursued was eventually attended with good effects; and I have given the details of the conference to afford a better insight into Namaqua feelings and springs of action than I could have done in any other way, or by many pages of narrative."

We have given this narrative, because it is a modern instance and illustration of the universality of the spirit of "blood revenge." The two volumes are written in a lively, pleasant style, and contain several animated descriptions of encounters with lions, rhino-

ceroses, and other dangerous creatures. The whole is painfully illustrative of the small difference between savage men and savage beasts; nay, the swift and gentle-looking giraffe will defend its life, and injure its assailant, if it can; for when a hunter succeeds in overtaking a troop, an old giraffe will suddenly turn round, overthrow horse and rider, and then dash after its companions.

OF ANIMAL FOOD IN GENERAL.

If brute beasts could make definitions, they would undoubtedly describe man as the most voracious animal on the face of the globe. What is there, in fact, throughout all nature, that can escape his jaws that he has not tasted? Most of the other animals are satisfied with one sort, or at any rate with a very few kinds, of food. Now the vegetable kingdom alone furnishes us with almost innumerable species of aliments, and there is nothing to compel us to seek our subsistence beyond its limits, if we were not so extravagant and insatiable. The ancient Gymnosophists and the modern Bramins of Hindoostan furnish sufficient evidence that man can live on vegetables alone: for, as these Indian philosophers believe in the transmigration of souls, they take the utmost care not only not to kill, but even to avoid injuring any animal, lest in so doing they may perchance injure one of their own ancestors. Indeed, they carry their kindness to animated creatures to a pitch that must excite a smile, if not surprise. Having founded an hospital for the maintenance of different sorts of animals and insects, they sometimes hire a man to spend the night in the ward appropriated to the fleas. Here he is stripped stark naked, bound in such a manner that it is impossible for him to stir, and thus left for the vermin to regale themselves with his blood. As the Bramins so cautiously abstain from those murders, so many of which are daily committed in Europe by every servant-maid, it is to be presumed that the animals which we eat enjoy with them a secure asylum. These people therefore subsist wholly on fruit and vegetables; but these must have grown above the surface of the earth, because they deem it sinful to eat anything on which the sun has not shone. The ancient Gymnosophists were, nevertheless, so healthy and attained such longevity, that from disgust of life they committed themselves to the flames, as Calanus did in the presence of Alexander the Great. From these circumstances I shall not pretend to infer that they were exactly in their sober senses, or that it was their vegetable diet which caused them to live to so advanced an age; but their example affords incontestible evidence that we are not constrained by any necessity to seek our food and the conservation of life out of the vegetable kingdom. We have, however, done so: the lord of the animal creation began to eat his subjects, and many of his descendants, worse than the brute beasts, had devoured one another.

Man ransacked earth, air, and ocean; there was not a living thing the taste of which he did not try, and, before he knew what was most agreeable to his palate, he went in this particular much farther than at present. Many ancient nations, and our German ancestors among the rest, ate horse-flesh. All the Tartar and Mongol tribes do the same at this day. Mæcenas and Du Prat brought the flesh of the ass into vogue. The natives of many parts of Asia, Africa, and America, and the South-Sea islanders in particular, eat dogs. Hortensius, the Roman orator, was the first who served up peacocks, at an entertainment which he gave to the soothsayers. Frogs, mice, and rats, are delicacies with civilised nations. The venomous viper itself delights the palate of the Italian with its jelly. The birds'-nests of Tonquin and the intestines of the snipe are exquisite dainties to the great; and, unless history sadly belies him, a voracious king of Lydia named Cambes, one night cut his wife in pieces and devoured her. During this repast he fell asleep; for he was found in the morning with her Majesty's hand between his teeth, and his guilt being thus betrayed, he strangled himself—the villain! I know not whether I ought to give implicit belief to this story, which is related by Athenæus from the Lydia of Xanthus; but how can it be absolutely incredible, since there are even at this day whole nations of cannibals?

It may be asked, what right had man to eat animals? Was not the vegetable kingdom abundantly sufficient for their sustenance? Were they not warned by Theopompus of old, that those who consumed much animal food had detrimental faculties, become prone to anger, cruel, silly, and even lose their reason altogether? Are not his words apparently verified by the experiment which the

Prince of Condé made with a man whom he fed for a time with raw flesh alone? This man possessed extraordinary bodily strength, but he became wild and like a brute beast. He had such a canine voracity, that he could not see an ox without longing to fall upon it. What sort of people in general are those who eat raw flesh? Look at the cannibals, or look at the Calmucks who clap their horse-flesh under the saddle, ride away upon it till it is half done, and then devour it. Beaks and talons are not the only characteristics of rapacious animals. Those savage people are a kind of ravenous beasts in human shape. What was Cola Pesce, the wild man, who perished in the whirlpool in the Straits of Messina, after he had passed the greatest part of life in the sea, and subsisted entirely on raw fish? If such creatures can be called men, the human character is no very honourable or enviable distinction.

Would it not then appear as if Nature herself had forbidden us to eat flesh, since the use of animal food is attended with such consequences? There may be something in this; but since we are all flesh-eaters, and nobody will set the example of relinquishing the practice, it is but fair we should prove that there is no harm in it. There are customs among men which they will not give up, let them be right or wrong: it is the province of the literati to demonstrate that all these customs are extremely proper; and as nothing is so easy as to convince a person of something of which he wishes to be convinced, these evidences are, perhaps, as satisfactory as any that the human understanding has ever adduced. The eating of animal food has not wanted vindicators: I will briefly explain the grounds on which it is defended.

If we examine the animals which do not eat flesh, we shall find that their stomach is of a very different structure from that of man. The animals that subsist on grain and berries, have a thick, muscular stomach, before which there is a large gullet. The organs of digestion of the graminivorous, ruminating animals, have several cavities in which the food is gradually elaborated. The human stomach, on the other hand, is of the same kind as that of the dog, and other carnivorous animals. This is one proof; only it must not be too strictly scrutinised. The point here is not that it be unimpeachable, but that people would have the complaisance to admit its validity, in order that we may retain a right to animal food.

There are many more such proofs, and our pleasure gives them validity. It is true we often like what is pernicious to us; but this objection can only apply to such things as are unpalatable: the others here form an exception. I am aware that the inhabitants of hot countries have a strong desire for animal food, as we see in the Caribs, and that they are for this reason subject to putrid fevers, because their juices are more liable to be affected by the intense heat of the sun, when they are nourished by animal sustenance. But what are tropical regions to us inhabitants of the North? We, poor creatures, have no nutritious vegetables; our soil produces nothing good but fine pasturage for brute beasts. All the northern provinces of Europe are in the same predicament. Are we not then obliged, whether we will or not, to have recourse to fish and flesh? We will not quarrel with the inhabitants of the southern parts of Italy, France, and Spain, for eating little or no flesh excepting that of poultry. We are both perfectly right; they in not desiring animal food, and we in being fond of it.

The assertion of Theopompus, confirmed by the experiment of the Prince of Condé, may be perfectly true in reference to raw flesh; but for that very reason, we boil, and roast, and hash, and stew the meat which we intend to eat, that it may be converted into a much milder and more innocent food than it is when raw. This careful preparation of animal food is a fresh proof that we are authorised to eat it. Raw flesh must unquestionably require a superhuman digestion, as it possesses a peculiar toughness which defies our digestive powers. The same argument, however, applies to many vegetables; and probably this is the cause why all voracious animals are so savage, so intractable, so furious when they are hungry, and so dull, cowardly, and spiritless when they have glutted themselves with prey. Shaw informs us that the lion himself, after an abundant meal, loses his courage to such a degree, that a girl may drive him away with a stick and a few sharp words. The best argument for the use of animal food is to be deduced from the requisites to our health; and a circumstantial exposition of it may not be unprofitable to the reader.

All sorts of animal food have two peculiar properties by which they differ from those belonging to the vegetable kingdom. One is this, that they abound more in nutritious juices; and the other, that the animal juices counteract acidity. Hence it is necessary to use animal food in cases where speedy nutrition is required, and

where the acidity occasioned by vegetable food wants a corrective. In other words, animal food, like all other alimentary substances, possesses medical properties; and this alone is sufficient to justify its use.

This last is a most important truth, to which it were wise to sacrifice the idle question, whether it is right to eat animal food—a question which has led to so many idle discussions, and which has been so often decided over a fine sirloin of roast beef.—*New Monthly Magazine.*



OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX.

SEVERAL young men have applied for advice as to the best mode of acquiring the greatest amount of useful knowledge in the smallest space of time. Though very far from advising a desultory mode of acquiring knowledge, we believe that Dr. Johnson's advice as to the best mode of inducing a young person to take to books is very applicable to youths engaged in business, and whose time is limited. Let them read whatever they may happen to take an interest in, if it be not pernicious; and whatever does not elevate the mind, impart a moral lesson, or convey useful facts, is pernicious. Southey, in his "Life of Wesley," says, that the most laborious student that ever devoted his days and nights to books must be content to be ignorant of much; and if he says so, how silly is it for youths, the main portion of whose time must be devoted to earning a livelihood, to fret because they cannot acquire everything at once! Let a youth, anxious to acquire information, but uncertain how to begin, select some particular study, such as political economy, chemistry, or anything that may suit his habits or cast of mind, and endeavour to master its leading principles, without suffering himself to be diverted from it. Then, when he has done that, if he feels inclined to attempt something else, let him do so—meanwhile picking up such knowledge as he can in occasional general reading. By steadily pursuing some such plan,—without hopping, like a sparrow, from straw to straw,—he will begin gradually to find his mind expanding, as if he were ascending a hill, and obtaining more extended views; and if he will always endeavour to understand what he reads, and is never guilty of the poor folly of affecting to know what he does not, from the vanity of wishing to be thought clever, or the false shame of disliking to be thought ignorant, he will acquire—not a universal knowledge, but as much information as may be suitable to the condition in which God has placed him, and which will enable him to take rank as a thoughtful and intelligent man. Above all, remember that life is to be spent in acquiring knowledge.

"SIR,—Since the commencement of your Journal, I have been a constant reader of portions of it. Many articles I have read with much pleasure, and some, I think, with profit. In the preliminary Number, you stated your object to be 'to do good;' and from the general tenor of your periodical, I believe such in reality is the case. I noticed your purpose of forming a Literary Letter-Box, and having since seen several of the letters selected out of the number sent you, I also, although without any pretensions or ambition to write something smart, am induced to address you, convinced of the importance to young people in general of the inquiry I wish to make. What I want is, your candid opinion whether light and indiscriminate reading is beneficial to the young, or whether it is prejudicial. By light reading I mean novels, romances, and such-like productions. In stating your views, I have no doubt you will do so conscientiously, as well as ably—judging from what has already appeared from your pen. My own belief is, that such reading has a very bad tendency—that it enervates the mind, causing it to dislike substantial reading, and to become immediately wearied if ever it is tempted to peruse a serious production. Moreover, I think it also unfits a young man for real life, and to grapple with disappointments of every-day occurrence, causing him vainly to hope (in a measure) that the lucky accidents, incident to novel heroes, will meet him in his hour of need, and thus retard energetic efforts to meet and conquer such difficulties in a manner worthy of a man. Do you agree with me, or not? Your opinion may be the means of doing the 'rising generation' part of your readers much good. It is possible you may consider my opinion as crude; but I assure you it is not drawn from slight premises, or upon an inadequate

knowledge (as regards myself) of the evil attendant upon indulging in—what I certainly consider—a relaxation fraught with imminent danger. I have myself been a novel and romance reader, and to an extent which the greater number of your readers have not attained; and I know I suffered greatly—the ill effects of which yet remain—in castle-building reveries and ‘day-dreams,’ during many of my leisure moments, every one of which my sober sense tells me is foolishness and complete loss of time. I have had arguments upon this point with several of my young acquaintances, and with ‘here and there a one’ I have been successful; I have had the satisfaction of seeing the result in some instances I so much desired—viz. the discontinuing such reading. Do you consider my position a firm one or not; and that upon the above grounds solely, without saying anything about training the mind for its future destiny beyond the precincts of this present life, which, after all, is in reality the strongest and most conclusive argument that can be brought to bear upon the subject?

“P. KIRK.”

If our correspondent applies his censure only to novel and romance reading of a particular kind, or if he applies his censure to light reading in excess, we most cordially agree with him; and so will every person whose opinion is of the slightest value. Nothing can be more enervating and degrading than mere *stop-stop* reading; and any young man with a spark of manly spirit may well blush to own that his chosen books are—“novels and romances!” But if our correspondent would interdict all *imaginative reading*, let him pause, and see where his censure would carry him. The imagination is one of the noblest faculties of the human mind; through it, in infancy and youth, we receive nearly all those impressions which shape and mould the human character; it lifts us above the level of the brutes, and helps to adorn and elevate human existence; by means of it the Bible conveys some of its sublimest ideas, especially in reference to futurity; the Saviour (we speak with all reverence) used it as a vehicle for teaching immortal truths; and, used in the way in which God intended it should be used, it would be fruitful of all good and all blessing. True, many to whom God has given power, or what we call genius, have sadly abused their trust; and too many imaginative works have been written in all respects pernicious. Not only, too, has the “fine gold” been made “dim,” but much base metal has been forced into circulation. But we might as soon abandon the use of money as a medium of exchange, because of the danger of receiving spurious coin instead of genuine, as abandon imaginative reading because of its abuses. It is a gift to be *rightly used*, not to be thrown away, from the danger of abuse.

As to the “castle-building” which novel-reading excites, that is an evil certainly. Yet many people are great air-castle builders, who scarcely read anything at all! *The evil lies in the individuals.* If they are ignorant, feeble-minded, and prone to dream with their eyes open, a course of novel-reading of a low, mediocre, or indifferent character will supply them with additional food for their weak and vain fancies. Let young men take care of themselves in this, as in every other matter: there may be *moral* or rather *mental* drunkards, as well as physical ones; and he who unfits himself for the active business of life by the reading of books, must be as pitiable a fool, or as contemptible a blockhead, as the intemperate glutton who stuffs himself with meat and drink, and then tells you, with tears in his eyes, that he is very ill, and does not know what is the matter!

R. J., HUNDESFIELD.—“Wilt thou please to state in what year China was invaded and conquered by the Tartars; and which of the Tartar race was made emperor?”

The various tribes commonly known under the general name of Tartars were, in many respects, to China what the Barbarians were to the Roman empire. But the particular tribe which in modern times effected the conquest of the “Celestial Empire,” and who may be termed the “Normans” of China, are the Manchoo, or Mandshoo, who began their inroads during the early part of the 17th century, nearly completed their conquest about 1650, and in 1662 fairly established themselves, by proclaiming the young son of Taytsong, their able and victorious military chief, emperor. The young emperor, who was only eight years of age at this period, happened to have wise and able counsellors during his minority; and he himself became famous for his energy and wisdom in after-years. His name was Kanghi; and his descendants still possess the throne of China. The conquered empire has been governed with considerable political sagacity; for the conquerors, instead of subverting the ancient laws and customs, and rousing the people to despair by their oppression, have rather attempted to govern in what we would call the “spirit of the constitution.” The actual power and military offices are generally, if not exclusively, in the hands of Mandshoos, but the civil employments are bestowed on native Chinese, as being acquainted with the language, laws, manners, and customs of the country.

R. M. says, “Mr. Redfield, of New York, and Col. Reid, after paying particular attention to the movements of storms, have come to the conclusion that they have a rotary motion. Nor is there wanting facts to bear out this idea: they have traced on the map the paths of several hurricanes which have done great damage in the West Indies, and have shown proofs sufficient to convince the most incredulous?” In No. 50 of your Journal there is an interesting account of a tornado ‘which occurred in the county Alleghany, in the state of New York.’ The facts there mentioned are evidences corroborative of the above theory. Now, do whirlwinds not give us opportunities for making observation so as to fix more precisely the laws which regulate storms; they being, in fact, storms reduced into a compass observable in all their movements. You say, in your ‘account’ above referred to, ‘Now that scientific inquiry has been directed to the subject, it becomes important that every fact tending to illustrate it should be noted and recorded, as by such means alone can we arrive at a satisfactory conclusion.’ Solomon says, that ‘There is no new thing under the sun;’ again he says, ‘There is no remembrance of former things.’ Now, in so far as regards the above theory, Solomon is right. It is not a new theory that is advanced; but it is one which was known to the above-mentioned king of Israel; for in the 1st chapter of Ecclesiastes, verse 6th, the theory is thus stated: ‘The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirlith about continually; and the wind returneth again according to his circuits.’ I have never seen any notice taken of the verse first quoted; but I think it ought not to be left in oblivion, as possibly some inferences may be drawn from it which will lead to important results.”

R. M.’s idea is ingenious; but we are rather of opinion that Solomon did not anticipate the theory of the rotary nature of storms. The reference in Ecclesiastes is considered to be made to the *periodical* character of the winds, which, in Palestine, as well as other Eastern countries, have their seasons and their points; blowing steadily during one portion of the year from one point, and then shifting to the opposite point, with a regularity unknown to us. In this sense, the verse is very simple: “going toward the south,” and “turning about unto the north;” thus “whirling about continually,” and, in its regular season, “returning again according to its circuits.”

Will any of our readers give us an answer to the following?

“I should feel much obliged if you would explain, for the information of myself as well as other readers of your periodical, the cause of the rotary motion of camphor when placed on the surface of pure water contained in a basin; also the cause of its receding to the side of the vessel, and the rotary motion ceasing the instant a drop of oil is let fall on the water. I have found this experiment in several works, but can find no explanation. “W. W.”

Our correspondent who mentions the name of a well-known naturalist as still believing in the ridiculous nonsense about swallows diving under water and remaining torpid all winter, must surely have been *quizzed* or *hoaxed*. Naturalists of great name did, indeed, once believe in such stuff, and gravely recorded how the creatures assembled on the banks of rivers, and sung their *swallow* song before they took their dive for the winter! How could the bird exist, when even sea-fowl cannot remain submerged? It may be retorted, that toads are occasionally found imbedded in stone or oak; but they have never been found under perfectly *unequivocal* circumstances, so as to preclude the supposition that the animal, in its tadpole state, found admission by some cavity or aperture, lived by catching insects, and gradually becoming too large to get out, was obliged to remain in its prison, still existing by the air and insects which entered by the opening. As to the swallows, it is an established fact that they are birds of passage.

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